The Sketch

2/-

BACKGROUND TO BRITAIN'S FESTIVAL

No. 2779 Vol. CCXIV

APRIL 11, 1951

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Black and all shades.
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P3

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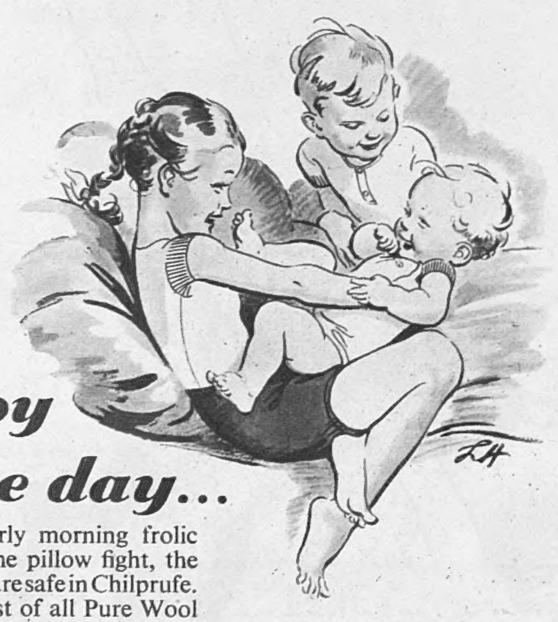

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Picture by courtesy of *The New Yorker*

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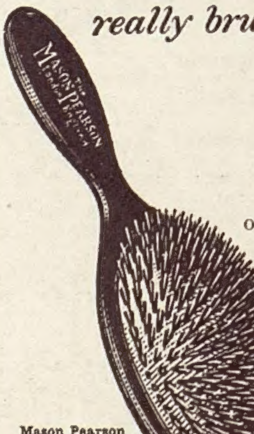

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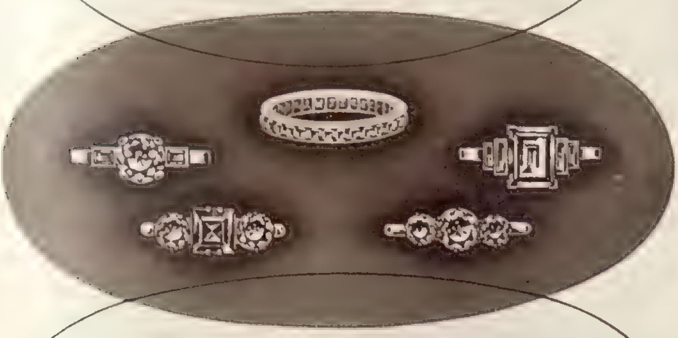

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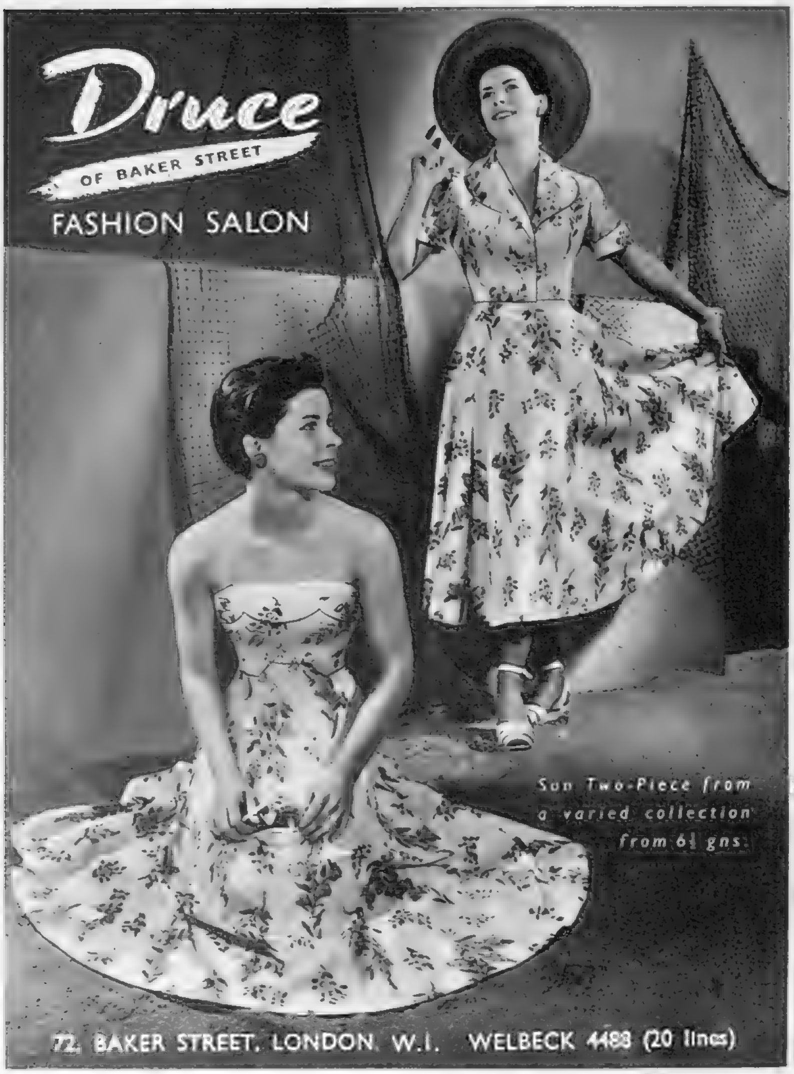

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FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN, 1951

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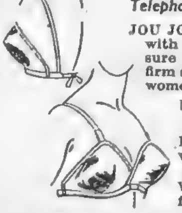

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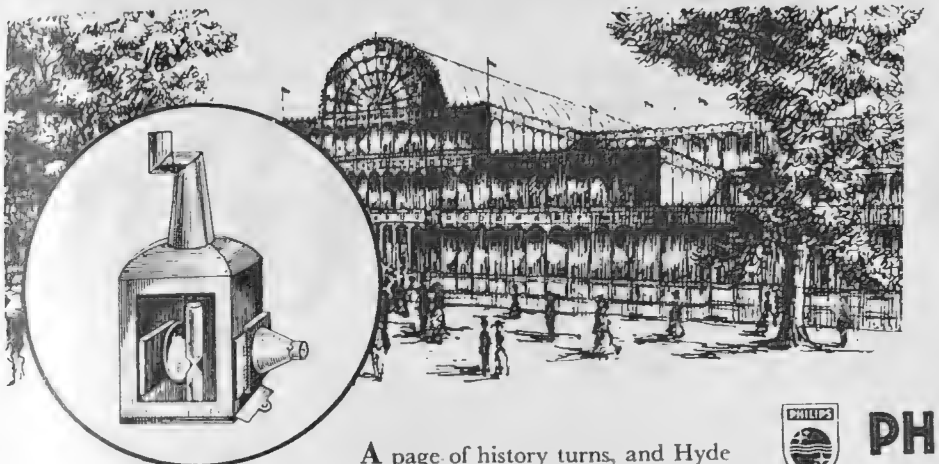

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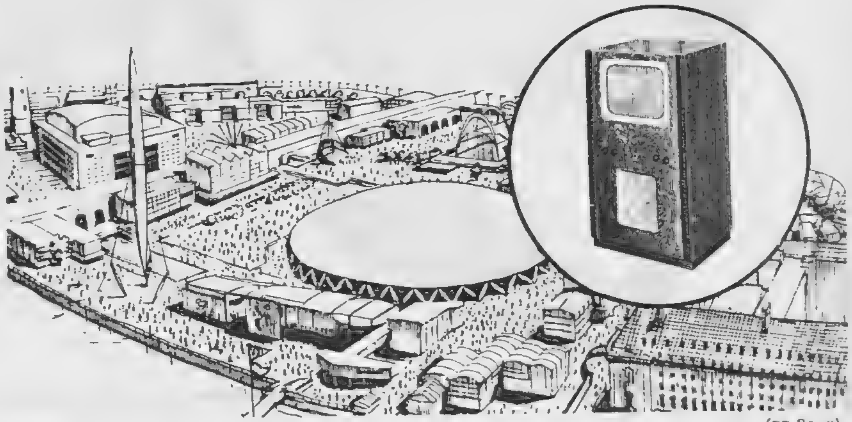
Festival of Britain **1951**



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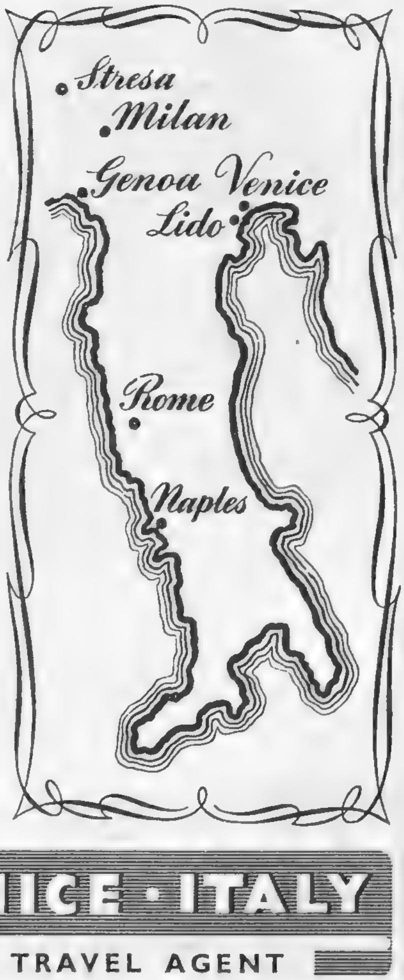

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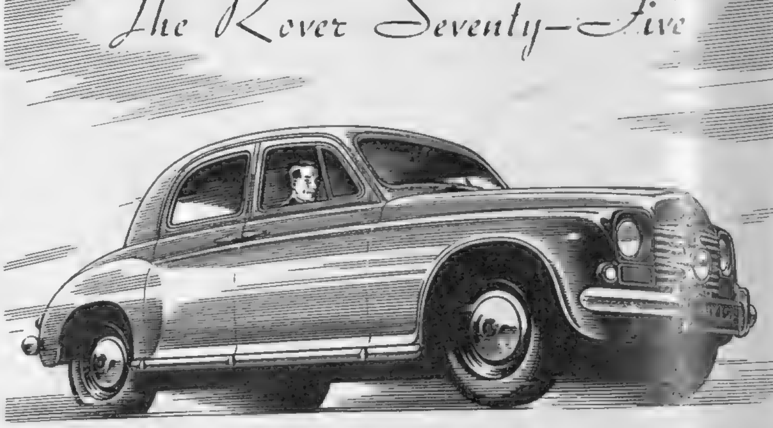

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, APRIL, 11, 1951

Princess Margaret
has arranged to open the
Festival Gardens
at Battersea Park on May 3

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Francis Marshall.

QUEEN VICTORIA DRIVING TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.
Reproduced by kind permission of the artist, Anna Zinkeisen, R.O.I., R.D.I., and the Royal Society of Arts.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

To Our Festival Visitors.

MY FRIENDS:

Forgive this Radio Fireside greeting, but it was inaugurated by the late Franklin Roosevelt, who was four times elected President, so it cannot be a bad beginning.

At any rate, you are my friends, for you are coming to Britain not only to see this beloved Island, but to leave behind a certain amount of dollars, francs, marks, pesetas, lire and—who knows?—even roubles. The late Sir James Barrie wrote a charming play called *Mary Rose*, which was about an Island that loved to be visited. Since it is not so easy for us to get away we have become a race of islanders who love to be visited.

The idea of holding this Festival of Britain was born in the brain of Mr. Herbert Morrison, who, like Shakespeare, is intimately associated with the South Bank of the Thames. You who come from Canada and the United States are familiar with the saying that such-and-such a family lives on the wrong side of the tracks. Well, the South Bank of the Thames is the wrong side.

But once upon a time Shakespeare's Globe Theatre was over there, and the sixteenth-century playgoers saw *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and the rest of his masterpieces played. The Theatre disappeared, but a few years ago a huge building was erected near the spot to house the London County Council. You can skip that. However, you must give Herbert Morrison credit for trying to bring back some of the South Bank's former glory. He was born on that side of the tracks, and is undoubtedly one of its most distinguished sons.

At any rate, that is where you will find the headquarters of the Festival.

Now before we go any further I should explain that every hundred years we do a Festival like this. It is true that the first one was in 1851 and was duly opened by Queen Victoria and Albert the Very Good. However, now that we have established the principle of the thing

you may be certain that we shall hold another Festival in 2051. That is if the Island is still here.

You will not expect me to give a full list of the attractions arranged by Mr. Gerald Barry (the Festival Chief) and his staff. It is true that the list would more than fill my entire space and would enable me to play golf instead of writing *Sketch-Book*, but the Editor is an old-fashioned martinet who believes that the labourer should be worthy of his hire. Otherwise no hire.

Therefore, my first advice to you is to come to London. Stephen Leacock complained that there was never any booklet which properly boosted this great City. He said that we should have such a booklet and it should begin with: "London is a large industrial and residential city, surrounded by good agricultural land, with full gas, electricity and water services." But that was before we introduced the cuts.

I am assuming that you have arranged your hotel accommodation in advance and that you have by now unpacked your suitcases. If it is a nice day I suggest then that you should make your way to the Marble Arch end of Hyde Park and listen to the spouters. Never mind if they denounce the Monarchy or the Government or the Police. It is all done with the greatest good humour and is as English as brussels sprouts.

Then stroll to the Serpentine and on to Rotten Row, where you will see some of the worst horseback riding in the world, hence its name. It is a pretty sight, though, and some of the youngsters look lovely. Pay no attention to the equestrian stockbrokers trying to reduce. Incidentally, do not be surprised if a regiment of Cavalry with breastplates, lances and plumed helmets goes clattering by. Britain is always prepared, or nearly always. At any rate, it is a thrilling sight. Nor need you give up drink just because you see a golden coach drawn by four horses. It may be that the Lord Mayor has just been to Buckingham Palace, or it may be the Royal Coach itself just taking an airing. The pantomime season never ends in London. Cinderella and Dick Whittington are always with us.

Now get across Hyde Park Corner if you can and walk down Constitution Hill until you reach Buckingham Palace. That is where the King and Queen live, and they have a very special place in our respect and affection. Perhaps there will be a garden party going on, in which case you will see the Englishman in all his glory. No one can wear a morning coat and a grey topper like an Englishman. His wife and daughters do their best to compete, and some of them succeed, but when it comes to formal plumage the male is the glory of the English species.

Now you can walk along the Mall and debouch into St. James's Park, which is as lovely as a sonnet. Bridges and streams and ducks and children and flowers. . . . Don't be ashamed if it touches your heart. It is so gentle, so beautiful, so English. Tread lightly on the grass, for you tread on our dreams.

BY this time, if London is not in your blood you ought to join a resistance movement somewhere. But don't be too sure that you have evaded the bacillus, for suddenly you will see the face of Big Ben against the background of scurrying, fleecy clouds. The old clock never stopped, nor was its clanging note ever hushed in the Battle of Britain. Even when the House of Commons went down beneath the bludgeoning of the bombs the chimes of Big Ben rang out defiance. Can you look on it without emotion, my friends? You can? By Jove, you're pretty tough. Come with me into Westminster Abbey and pray for your souls. Here in the Abbey lie the immemorial great as well as some others who got there on influence. If the old Abbey could speak, it would a tale unfold! Some day King Charles III. will be crowned King of England in this Abbey. Just now he is more interested in a very small cricket bat which his father gave him.

Shall we walk on the Terrace of the House of Commons? Quite properly it is divided into three sections—one for the M.P.s, one for the Peers, and the centre of it for M.P.s, Peers and guests altogether. Quite often we fellows from the Commons don't feel like mixing with the Peers, so we have our own end of the Terrace.

Listen to the Thames gurgling to itself about what it has seen on the banks at Maidenhead or Hampton Court. What memories the old river has! See how the funnels of those tugs bow backwards like snobs in reverse as they go through the arches under Westminster Bridge. Yes, that building on the other side is the London County Council, but I told you before that you could skip it.

Now for a treat. We are running special Festival excursion boats down the river. All aboard! Yes, that is the Savoy. . . . I'm sorry we accent the second syllable over here—but wouldn't you rather look at the dome of St. Paul's? I would.

When the whole City of London was in flames from Hitler's incendiaries, the fire reached furiously, blasphemously, to the very stones of the great old Cathedral and then died in shame. That cross above the dome still proclaimed the immortality of the spirit against the devilry of man, when all around it buildings were collapsing into senseless rubble.

Dickens used to walk by the river here and listen to the clanking chains and strange sounds of the night. Dr. Johnson used to hold forth at the *Cheshire Cheese* back there in Fleet Street. Dick Whittington took the advice of his cat and was thrice Mayor of London. And there is the Bloody Tower. I'm sorry, Madam, but that is what it is called. Many a brave man, many a great man, died in the Tower. Yes, the Guards are called Beefeaters, but they don't really, if you know what I mean.

LONDON. . . . It is dusk as we near Westminster Bridge on our return. . . . London of a million gleaming eyes. . . . London with its magic, its dignity, its bridges and the ceaseless traffic of the streets. . . . London, the very heart-beat of the world.

Yes, I have seen Minneapolis, Madam. I think it's grand. Especially the Main Street. Look—the House of Commons Terrace is floodlit. So is Parliament Square. What a skyline it makes! Yes, Madam, I think New York is wonderful, too.

Shall we keep on the boat and go to the Festival Gardens at Battersea Park? Herbert has arranged a fun fair—except on Sundays, of course—and there's a museum or something. And you can gaze at the other side of the river and look on Chelsea, where more bad pictures are painted than anywhere in the world. Oh, yes, some good ones, too.

Now about to-night. You can see *Man and Superman* at the theatre, or *Kiss Me, Kate*, or *The Crazy Gang*, or the best Ballet in the world at Covent Garden. This is a golden age of acting in the London Theatre. Think of it—Olivier, Gielgud, Guinness, Clunes, Richardson, Wolfit, Morley, Scofield, Clements. There are some fine actresses, too, but the male stars shine brightest in the firmament.

Perhaps you would prefer an orchestral concert, or Basil Dean's revival of *Hassan*? London has everything and it is yours. And now here are the Festival Gardens, and I must leave you as we intend to throw the Government out to-night if we can. Then you *would* see a Festival!

Good night, sweet friends, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Beverley Baxter

STAIRCASE.

CLASS

BALLROOM.

OUR SELECTION FRON

ASSEMBLE some essential features from a few of England's historical ancestral mansions, and you have the nucleus of a perfect whole! These pictures are specially for the pleasure of overseas visitors to the Festival of Britain, to give them just a taste of England's splendid architectural heritage. They were taken in seven great houses. The staircase is in Ham House, Richmond, Surrey (Sir Lionel Tollemache to the National Trust). The ballroom is that of Knole, Sevenoaks, Kent, seat of

GREAT HALL.

STATE

A...

DINING-ROOM.

SEVEN STATELY HOMES

... Sackville. In the Duke of Marlborough's Blenheim ..., Woodstock, Oxon, is the great hall. The façade: ...leat, Warminster, Wilts, seat of the Marquess of Bath. ... State bedroom is at Clandon Park, near Guildford, ...y (Lord and Lady Onslow); the dining-room at Luton ... Bedfordshire (Sir Harold Wernher); and the ...did chimney-piece is in King William's dining-room at ... Marquess of Northampton's Castle Ashby, near Northampton. All these houses are open to the public.

BEDROOM.

CHIMNEY-PIECE.

Candid Cameo

GERALD BARRY

By Warren Tute

As the official opening of the Festival of Britain draws near, the limelight falls fairly and squarely on the cheerful countenance and somewhat rounded shoulders of Gerald Barry, its Director-General. Responsible both for the conception and execution of this multi-million-pound colossus, a lesser man would undoubtedly have shown more traces of wear and tear, particularly as by the end of the year he may be hoist with his own petard, with the taxpayers baying at his feet. Of course, it is part of Mr. Barry's job to be optimistic, no mean task in itself these days. But, after all, what is three years of Festival planning at Government expense compared with eleven years editorship of the *News-Chronicle*, with a circulation to think about and everyone eager to know exactly what a Liberal is ?

High fantasy attaches itself very easily to things like the Festival of Britain. It was there the moment we met with Mr. Barry. " I 'm sorry to have to curtail our meeting," he said as we shook hands, " but I 'm flying unexpectedly to New York this afternoon, and I haven't even packed." This is the sort of excuse we ourselves have many times dreamt of handing out to tiresome people. Only somehow, coming from us it never seems to ring quite true. From Gerald Barry, however, it not only sounded plausible, it also happened to be a fact. We felt ourselves flounder, and catching sight of something between a glint and a twinkle in Mr. Barry's eye we kicked aside the devilish traps we had prepared and got down to the serious business of discovering what makes Mr. Barry tick.

For someone in his early fifties, Gerald Barry is in a sound state of preservation, having survived Marlborough and Cambridge, two marriages, three years of the Festival and nearly thirty years of Fleet Street with little visible erosion and even fewer grey hairs. This is doubtless because he enjoys life to the full, no small feat when you are plainly set up as Target No. 1 for any sniper with a grievance, and when almost everything about you, from the £3000-a-year salary to that paralysed saucer on the South Bank, is fair game for professional fault-finders. We asked him how he side-stepped these many pinpricks with such ease, and he reminded us gently that, having been an Editor for so long, he had learnt a thing or two about not answering back. After all, an Editor holds most of the trumps. We wondered, in passing, how many casualties there had been on the Festival staff.

Criticism and jealousy are, of course, inevitable. Not everyone sees his most cherished dream shape up into fact under his very eyes. And by now it must be general knowledge that the Festival of Britain has steadily grown from an original suggestion from Gerald Barry's fertile brain. But that £9,000,000 deficit rankles. That is, until you have been subjected to Mr. B.'s considerable persuasive powers. We tackled him on this point and found ourselves happily wallowing thigh deep in those imponderables which seem to be the life blood of the genus Festival—the " prestige values," the " foreign tourists and the currency " it will attract, the " lift to morale " it will give to the natives of this welfare-sodden island. Where forty Socialist M.P.s of the Party's Arts and Amenities Group had failed to dent his armour, how can plain scepticism hope to make out ? Mr. Barry may be low in experience as a showman : as a salesman he comes out top.

The real achievement, we felt, in Gerald Barry's conduct of the Festival so far, lay in striking exactly the right note at the very start and sustaining it through every conceivable sort of criticism and crisis. By " right " we mean acceptable. The British have never found themselves greatly inconvenienced by humbug, but they have a sharp nose for its smell. The statement that " . . . London's artistic programme will be specially heightening in this period (*i.e.*, from May 3 to June 30) ; outstanding performances of music, opera, ballet will be given ; theatres are being asked to stage their most significant productions . . ." holds out a relentless prospect of Third Programme deliria and is, we suppose, inevitable in a thing the size of the Festival of Britain. But Mr. Barry's own object has been from the start both plain and simple. It is to tell a story and give us all a boost. We can certainly do with a boost, and it was real bad luck for Mr. B. that, as the first Festival advertisements appeared in the papers the lights in the shops and the streets went dim by Government decree.

With the antics of the self-styled Lord Festival much in mind, we prodded Mr. Barry on the subject of politics in general and his own in particular. He described himself as an old-style Radical and an individualist. He is definitely not a ———, even though currently on the Board of the *New Statesman*. A little research into his career certainly bears out this claim. With two years in the R.F.C. in World War I. to his credit, he was shot down over Armentières on New Year's Day, 1918, and somewhat bent in the process. However, recovering in time to turn down a permanent commission in the R.A.F., he warmed up to a life of salty uncertainty in Fleet Street. Knuckling down to Assistant Editorship of the *Saturday Review* in 1921, he became Editor in 1924, stringing along happily enough in this rôle until 1930. In that year the editorial policy of the paper was changed overnight by its owner, and without reference to Mr. Barry, so he shook himself loose, supported by most of the staff, and bounced the brand-new *Week-end Review* into being in a brief and boisterous ten days, its pages cluttered with literary nuggets from the star writers of the day. This lasted through until 1934, when the paper took a swipe from the tail-end of the great slump and merged painlessly into the *New Statesman*. Having dwelt a pause, Mr. Barry then took over the editorial chair of the *News-Chronicle*, sitting it through until the winter of 1947. The rest is just about where we came in.

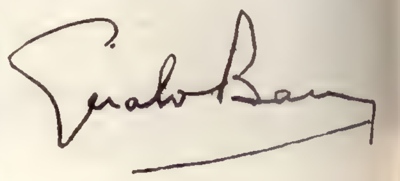
Short of a war, we doubt if anything will stop the Festival of Britain from being a success, always barring finance—and these days, who cares about a few million pounds ? Moreover, no festival has yet been a financial success. For that matter, no adequate measuring system for success or failure has yet been devised. No—we shall all carp and grumble up to the very moment we go through the turnstiles and then, of course, enjoy ourselves very much more than we dared to expect. We strongly suspect that Mr. Barry knows this very well and will no doubt have a quiet laugh at our joint expense (£9,000,000). If he does so, he deserves it. Without his drive and initiative and that subtle blend of charm and understatement, we might well have signalised the year with yet another dreary flop. As it is, the Festival sets out gaily enough to sell Britain to the world, and looks like succeeding.

On parting we laid one final snare. What airline, we asked, was conveying the Director-General to New York ? He gave us a last radical look and a brief individualist smile : " Why ! B.O.A.C., *of course*," he said.

★

Who . . . Me?

Well, there you are. Somewhere in the course of the above farrago I seem to recall a reference to the merit of not answering back. But it appears to be one of the penalties of rating this ever-so-distinguished page that one should agree to break one's own rule. So round-shouldered, own-petard-hoisted, slightly-eroded, individualist Barry weighs in to reply. (By this time he has fortunately used up between 70 and 80 of the 150 words allotted to him.) In the newspaper world an Editor may hold all the trumps for answering back ; but for exhibitions and festivals it is definitely not the Director's decision that is final, but the public's. So we must wait and see. Meanwhile, dear Sir, *dear* Madam, I could not agree more with your devastating criticisms. Of course, you won't dream of going near the silly place in your entrancing mink. Only I so much hope that when we meet there we shall manage to smile at one another.



Photomontage by Angus McBean.

THE MAN WHO SUGGESTED THE FESTIVAL: GERALD BARRY

SOME BRAINS BEHIND THE FESTIVAL

Leading Executives Describe Their Part in the Exhibition

THE men portrayed here are representative of the guiding brains behind the Festival of Britain. We asked them for details of their work and the effects for which they were striving. Their replies illustrate the varying ideas which have combined to present the main theme of the Exhibition.

JAMES GARDNER, O.B.E., F.S.I.A., Chief Designer, Festival Pleasure Gardens, working on a scale model.

Mr. Gardner, aged 43, by profession an industrial and publicity designer, is also member of the Presentation Panel of the Festival. "If the Pleasure Gardens," he writes, "do not prove pleasing to the visitor, I am probably the man who should take the major blame. We hope to make the Pleasure Gardens a little State within a State, where simple pleasures may be enjoyed—a complete design for leisure."

HUGH CASSON, F.R.I.B.A., Director of Architecture, at work in the Festival Offices at Savoy Court.

"Architects," writes 40-year-old Mr. Casson, who was Technical Officer to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning in 1944-46, "work in three dimensions, and only in three dimensions can their work be properly judged. Wherever possible, therefore, Britain's architecture, past, present and future, will be shown not in plans and photographs, but *as* architecture. Watch, in particular, the buildings of the future."

IAN COX, Director of Science, using chalk and blackboard in his office to demonstrate a scientific argument.

"Science," writes 41-year-old Mr. Cox, whose Festival responsibilities include working out the theme for the South Bank Exhibition and the Festival Ship *Campania*, "is knowledge about nature, and if it can be passed on without a strange vocabulary getting in the way, it is knowledge that can be enjoyed by everyone. This has been our purpose in presenting British achievements in science in the various Exhibitions. It has meant collaboration between scientists and display engineers on a scale never before attempted."

RALPH TUBBS, A.R.I.B.A., Architect for the Dome of Discovery, at work in his office in Welbeck Street.

Mr. Tubbs, aged 39, is a professional architect, and a member of the Presentation Panel and Design Group. "The most important part of my work for the Festival," he writes, "has been as Architect for the Dome of Discovery. The whole design is based on pure geometry, a major element being the cutting of a great inverted aluminium cone at an angle, thereby giving a plan of two eccentric circles. The Dome relies on the simple proportions of one master conception for its effect."

MISHA BLACK, O.B.E., F.S.I.A., Co-ordinating Architect, Upstream Area, at work on a drawing-board in his office.

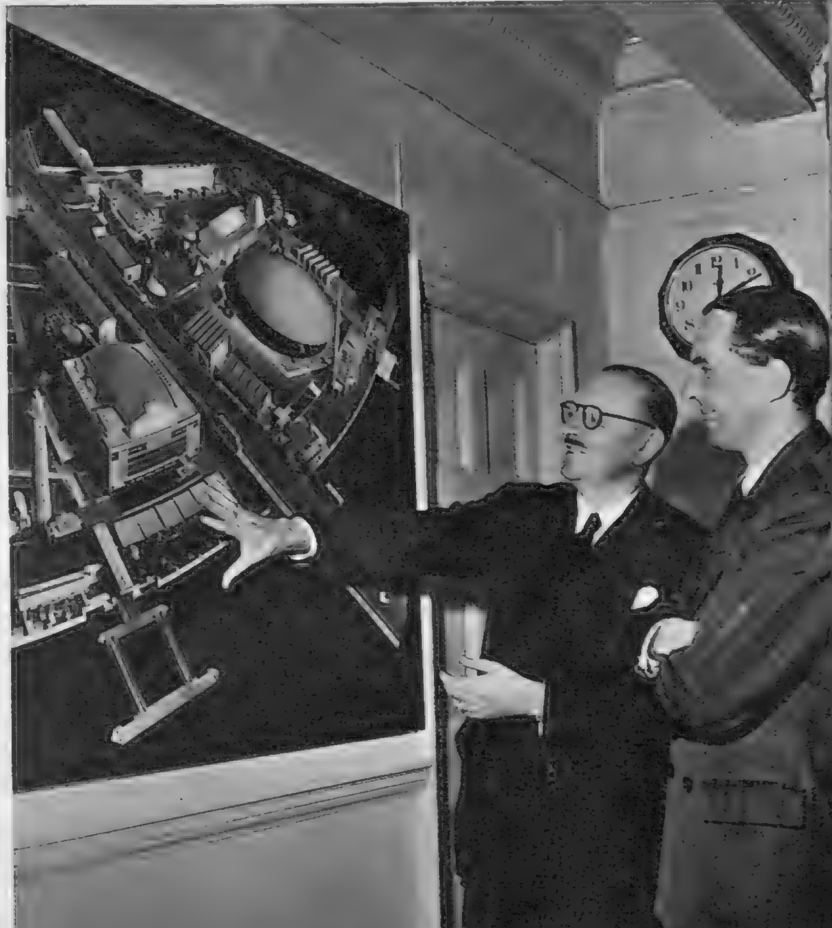
Mr. Black, aged 40, architect and industrial designer, is also a member of the Presentation Panel and Design Group, and Chief Display Designer for the Dome of Discovery. "The architectural merit of the South Bank Exhibition," he writes, "will depend on the extent to which the work of all the architects, designers, artists, sculptors, and craftsmen unifies into a single architectural conception. This planning has been an exciting experiment in creative working."

MARK HARTLAND THOMAS, F.R.I.B.A., Chief Industrial Officer, Council of Industrial Design, in his office.

"The Council of Industrial Design," writes 45-year-old architect Mr. Hartland Thomas, who is Joint Chief Theme Convenor for the South Bank and the two Travelling Exhibitions, "is responsible for the industrial elements in the themes of the official exhibitions, and for maintaining good relations between the Festival and Industry. I can say now that British Industry is solidly behind the Festival : no main branch of it is withholding its support."

JAMES HOLLAND, F.S.I.A., Head of Festival Office Design Section, muses on the futuristic symbols from which he gets his ideas.

Mr. Holland, who has been responsible for much of the planning and designing of the South Bank Exhibition, and is Chief Designer of the Festival Ship *Campania*, is 45 years old. "My main task," he writes, "is to ensure continuity in the display treatment of the story as it is unfolded in the South Bank Exhibition. In the Festival Ship *Campania*, my task has been to present adequately, in a relatively small space, the story that is told on the South Bank—largely by means of actual exhibits."



HOWARD V. LOBB, F.R.I.B.A., Controller, South Bank Construction, going over a plan of the site with one of his staff.

Forty-three-year-old Mr. Lobb, Chairman of the Council for Architecture, writes : "In June, 1950, I took over the full-time responsibility of co-ordinating the construction of the buildings and displays of the South Bank Exhibition. My aims ? They are at present to get the Exhibition complete and open by May 4, when their Majesties the King and Queen will be the first to inspect the results of all this great enterprise—a task which, incidentally, has not been helped by the worst recorded weather for the last eighty years !"

Social

A DATE-BOOK FESTIVAL

DEBS'. DANCE.

MAY 2.

DEBS'. DANCE.—In frothy, rustling white the débutantes attend their first big ball—the annual Débutantes' Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House. Sweeping down the great staircase they glide along the ballroom, curtseying gracefully to Lady Hamond-Graeme, the President, who is waiting to cut the huge cake. Partners crowd round, eat a slice and then . . . on with the dance.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

AT WINDSOR.

MAY 4.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—In a sense the Royal Academy Private View marks the opening of London's season. Painters, portrayed, and patrons swarm to Burlington House to view, criticise, admire, argue over the year's harvest of paintings, sculpture; perhaps to buy.

MAY 10-12.

AT WINDSOR.—The Royal Windsor Horse Show takes place in the Home Park, with the Castle for background. It is smart, and their Majesties, with members of the Royal Family, are present. Besides competition of horsemanship and jumping, a jingling musical ride by Household Cavalry (seen here) is part of the programme—a glittering display of pageantry.

THE WALKER CUP.

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.

MAY 11-12.

THE WALKER CUP will be played at Birkdale this year. These matches between amateurs of Great Britain and America are held every two years, on courses alternately in the two countries. Keenly competitive, they are closely watched by big gallery.

MAY 22.

Private View Day of **CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW** (held in grounds of Chelsea's Royal Hospital) is always attended by the Royal Family. Big marquees full of scent and blossom grown to perfection by Britain's finest gardeners are always packed, even if weather 's not always too kind.

Calendar

FOR THE SEASON

MAY 30.

THE DERBY.—Blue Riband of the Turf. Epsom the focus for excited crowds in traffic jams—cars, charabancs, 'planes, streaking to the course to endure every aspect of human emotion, sensation, tragedy, thrills, drama. Three-year-olds, British and international challengers, bred and trained to the minute, race over 1½ miles. Bookies shout, tic-tac men gesticulate, gypsies and other picturesque figures throng, everyone has a "bob" on, [illegible] wonders if Gordon Pi[illegible] will get home.

THE DERBY.

JUNE 4.

THE FO[illegible]H.—Eton's Fourth of June [illegible]rations very gala. Colle[illegible] and Oppidans with fathe[illegible] mothers, sisters, brothe[illegible] all gotten up, flock to the [illegible]call by the Head; hear [illegible]es, watch cricket match[illegible] picnic lunches. There [illegible]eworks later, and progr[illegible] includes Procession [illegible]ts (see picture).

[illegible]NE 6-23.

ROYAL TOURNAMENT in great arena at [illegible]rls Court. Picked units of all three Services put on splen[illegible] displays of precision and daring, including musical [illegible]de of the King's Troop, R.[illegible]A., in the picture. Wonder[illegible] show for the [illegible] parties.

THE FOURTH.

ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

JUNE 14.

ROYAL ASCOT.—Gold Cup Day; third day of the meeting, and the biggest, and smartest. In picture the field passing the stands—by the exclusive Royal Enclosure with the Royal box hydrangea-decorated. Preceded early by Royal drive down course.

JUNE 20-JULY 21.

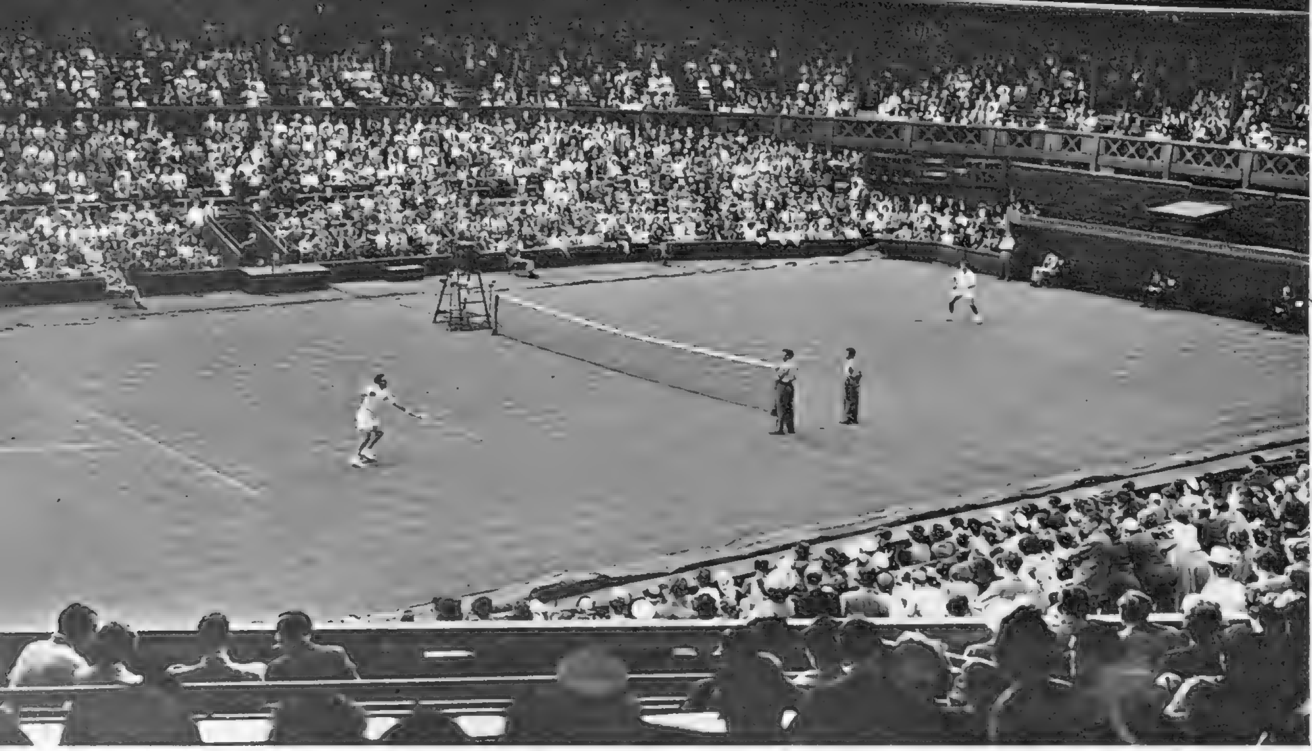
GLYNDEBOURNE.—Mr. Christie's famous Festival returns this year to pre-war style, with Mozart and Verdi operas performed by Glyndebourne Opera Company and foreign visiting singers. Guests, in full evening dress, stroll in lovely gardens during intervals; eat excellent dinner in restaurant.

ROYAL ASCOT.

GLYNDEBOURNE.

Social

A DATE-BOOK FESTIVAL



WIMBLEDON.

JUNE 25-JULY 7.

WIMBLEDON.—The internationally famous All-England Lawn Tennis Championships are fought out over two weeks. From many countries come their champions—hard-hitters, precise hitters, trick-players—to join battle on Centre Court, spectators' Mecca, and outer courts. When stars are in play the Centre Court (picture) seethes with enthusiasm; heads swivel left and right as the ball flies. Queen Mary—Centre Court devotee—never fails to attend.

ROYAL NORFOLK SHOW.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.

JUNE 27-28.

ROYAL NORFOLK SHOW.—From Sandringham his Majesty comes to present prizes, and to exhibit, in this great livestock show. Last year the Queen had to present the King with the King's Lynn perpetual silver challenge Cup for best group of Red Poll cattle

JULY 4-7.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.—Principal gathering of amateur oarsmen in England, to compete over beautiful stretch of the river. Families and friends in gay colours line the banks, and the boats in mid-river, to see the finish of the races.

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.

ETON v. HARROW.

JULY 12 and 19.

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.—In the lovely grounds of Buckingham Palace their Majesties entertain some thousands of guests, chatting informally. At the conclusion the Royal family, headed by the King and Queen, make their way back to the Palace, walking between the lines of guests.

JULY 18-19.

ETON v. HARROW. — At Lord's annually the two world-famous schools compete in a two-day cricket match—their families and friends in a display of fashion. Grey toppers and the last word in printed silks rub shoulders (!) carrying between them well-stocked luncheon baskets to be disposed of in stand, coach or brake.

Calendar FOR THE SEASON

JULY 23-28.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW (White City; sponsors—British Horse Society) puts on special Festival show. British team which successfully toured Europe, U.S.A., Canada last year will compete as well as distinguished horsemen from overseas. Picture: Prince Bernhard led 1950 Dutch team.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

[illegible]ULY 31-AUG. 3.

GLOR[illegible] GOODWOOD, on Engl[illegible] loveliest course, is infor[illegible] "country" meeting; lacks [illegible]. Stewards Cup its [illegible] important race.

GLORIOUS GOODWOOD.

AUG. 4-14.

COWE[illegible] WEEK, peak of yacht-racing [illegible]ason, has a tang of its o[illegible], mixes hard collars, stiff [illegible], salt water, blue blood[illegible]lskins. Cowes is H.Q. [illegible] Royal Yacht Squadron, o[illegible]whose exclusive lawns yach[illegible] have gathered, rejoice[illegible]paired since 1812. Once [illegible] last year a Royal yach[illegible]its focal distinction to th[illegible]eting—the Dragon *Bluel[illegible]* owned by T.R.H. Prince[illegible]lizabeth and the Duke [illegible]nburgh. Here race the 6-m[illegible]es—balloon jibs billowing[illegible]his year as special Festiva[illegible]ure, the King has presente[illegible] to Y.R.A. a challenge tr[illegible]phy—the Britannia Cup, op[illegible]n to yachts having Royal Ocean Racing Club ratings between 30 and 60 ft., to be [illegible]aced for on Aug. 7. Includes [illegible]ircumnavigation of [illegible]Isle of Wight.

COWES WEEK.

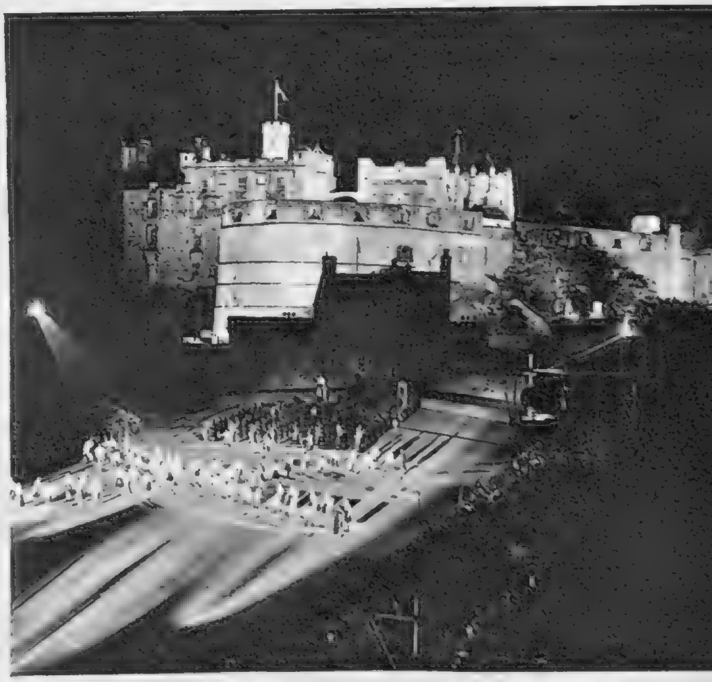
AUG. 13.

GROUSE-SHOOTING.—Season being over, trail up North to the moors begins. Guns, beaters, dogs, ponies move up through bracken and heather, gorgeous views above; below—to the butts where with luck you may get a right and left.

AUG. 19-SEPT. 9.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL in Athens of the North—unique International Festival of Music and Drama in unique setting. Stars of stage, ballet, concert, opera, perform to lovers of their arts. Famous orchestras operate. Scots in full dress pipe and dance in spotlights below floodlit walls of Castle.

GROUSE SHOOTING.



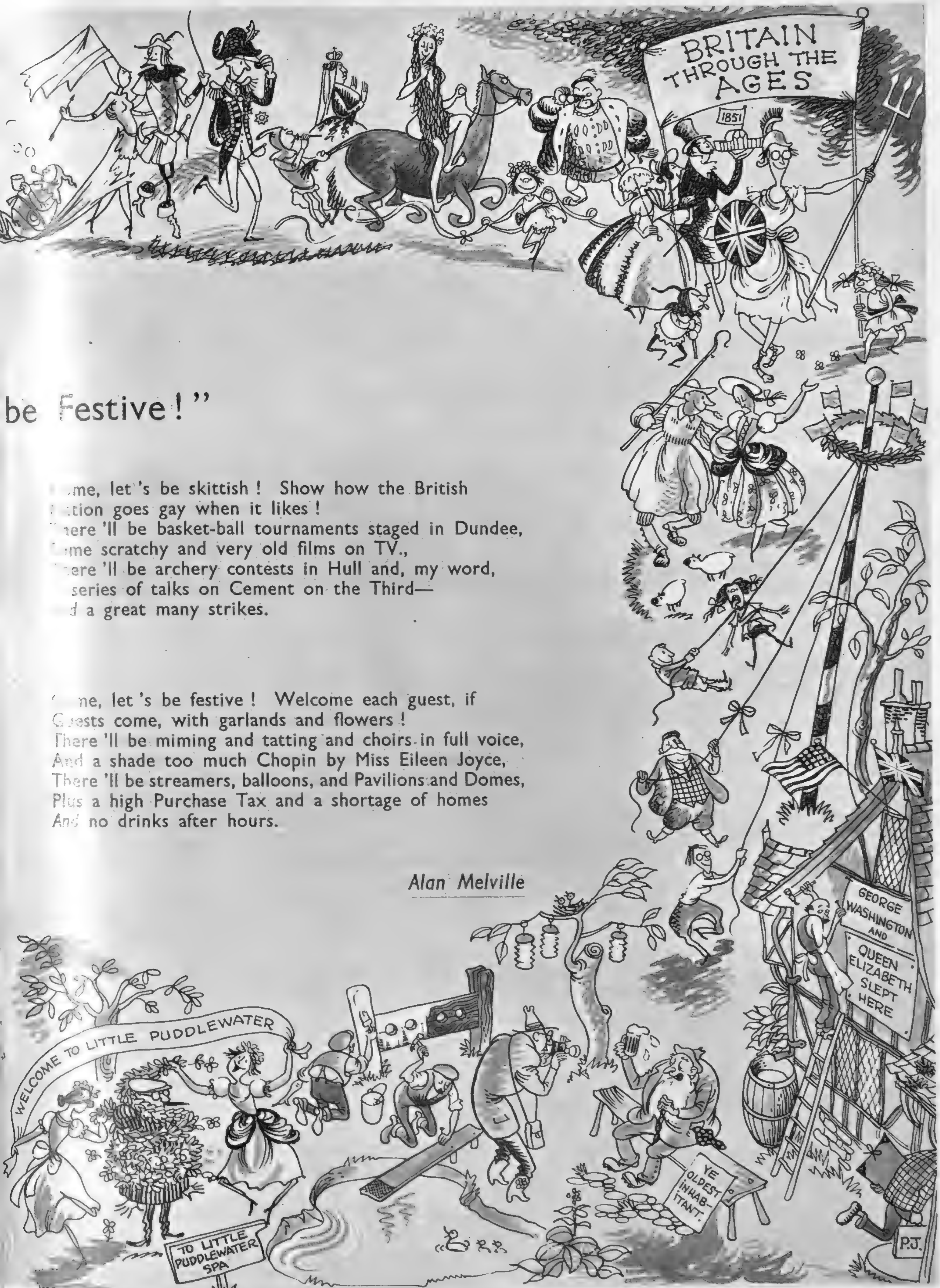
EDINBURGH FESTIVAL.

Melvillainy

"Come, let's

Come, let 's be festive ! (Nothing suggestive !)
Give all the tourists a treat !
There 'll be pageants and tableaux in Hants and in Herts,
Exhibitions of weaving in various parts,
Cantatas and maypoles at Burton-on-Trent,
And madrigals sung all through Sussex and Kent—
And eight-pennorth of meat.

Come, let 's be festive ! Europe is restive !
Show them that Britain has guts !
There 'll be gay Morris dancing in Leeds and Porthcawl,
Some long poetry readings in Preston Town Hall ;
There 'll be hoop-la and dodg'ems in Battersea Park
With the Power Station floodlit each night after dark—
And some horrid power cuts.



be Festive ! "

me, let 's be skittish ! Show how the British
tion goes gay when it likes !
here 'll be basket-ball tournaments staged in Dundee,
me scratchy and very old films on TV.,
ere 'll be archery contests in Hull and, my word,
series of talks on Cement on the Third—
a great many strikes.

me, let 's be festive ! Welcome each guest, if
Gsests come, with garlands and flowers !
There 'll be miming and tatting and choirs in full voice,
And a shade too much Chopin by Miss Eileen Joyce,
There 'll be streamers, balloons, and Pavilions and Domes,
Plus a high Purchase Tax and a shortage of homes
And no drinks after hours.

Alan Melville

Left: **SIR RALPH RICHARDSON** as **Vershinin** in ***The Three Sisters.***—A revival of Tchehov's creation of exquisite melancholy is overdue; there has been none in London since 1938. Everyone is eager to see Sir Ralph Richardson playing Vershinin, in Peter Ashmore's production, for the first time in his career.

Above: **VIVIEN LEIGH and LAURENCE OLIVIER as Cleopatra and Mark Antony.**—"If it be love, indeed, tell me how much."—"There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd." With these Shakespearean lines, Sir Laurence Olivier (Antony) and Vivien Leigh (Cleopatra) take the St. James's stage on May 15.

Right: **MICHAEL REDGRAVE** as **Richard the Second.**—In London during 1937 Michael Redgrave was the usurping Bolingbroke to John Gielgud's Richard. Now, at Stratford-upon-Avon, he himself gives a well-composed picture of that doomed weakling, the Plantagenet who can make music of his grief.

Above: **EDITH EVANS and SYBIL THORNDIKE in *Waters of the Moon.***—Britain's two leading actresses appear together in a West End run. Dame Edith Evans and Dame Sybil Thorndike are in N. C. Hunter's play—Haymarket, this month—about a few snowbound days in an isolated guest-house.

Right: **PEGGY ASHCROFT as Electra.**—As that "sorrowful nightingale forlorn," the Electra of Sophocles, Peggy Ashcroft has the second part of her remarkable Old Vic trio which began with Viola and will end with Mistress Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Below: **ANDRÉ HUGUENET as Hassan.**—A leading South African actor, André Huguenet, is Hassan, the poetic confectioner of Bagdad, in Basil Dean's revival of James Elroy Flecker's drama which opens early in May, probably during the week of May 7.

EC GUINNESS as Hamlet.—Four- ... years ago, at the Old Vic, an ...or doubled Reynaldo and Osric. ... the autumn of 1938 he himself ...s Hamlet, in modern dress. Now ...is the West End's Festival Year ...mlet and goes later to New York.

JOHN GIELGUD, FLORA ROBSON and DIANA WYNYARD in *The Winter's Tale*.—In Peter Brook's production of *The Winter's Tale*, John Gielgud appears for the first time as Leontes, with Diana Wynyard as Hermione, and Flora Robson as Paulina.

JOHN CLEMENTS and KAY HAMMOND in *Man and Superman*.—As a stage tribute to Bernard Shaw, little could improve upon this revival of the comedy of the Life Force in which Kay Hammond's compelling Ann now pursues John Clements's Tanner from Surrey to Spain.

FESTIVAL THEATRE . . . by J. C. Trewin

IF anyone is gallant enough to keep every theatrical engagement in the Festival of Britain, what is he likely to remember at the end of it all? That is an unanswerable question; so much depends, as Sam Weller said in effect, upon the taste and fancy of the playgoer. There will certainly be choice enough. In *The Sketch* a few months ago, I wondered whether the Festival would leaven its programme of classical revivals with a few more frivolous matters. There will not be much room for romping during the summer: we are, on the whole, to take the theatre seriously. However, no course in the drama could be more absorbing or could be given by a more distinguished set of instructors. And there will be a major event for the British stage when H.M. the King lays the foundation-stone of the National Theatre upon the South Bank on July 13.

Take the classical revivals first. At the St. James's, Laurence Olivier has decided to give Shakespeare and Shaw in tandem. That is, his repertory will consist of two productions of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. Sir Laurence begins on May 10 with Cæsar and the address to the Sphinx: Vivien Leigh is the Shavian Cleopatra she acted in the film. On May 15, the players turn to Shakespeare (with Sir Laurence as Mark Antony) in that great tragedy of gold and hammered bronze. Michael Benthall produces on each occasion. About this time we shall see Henry Sherek's Festival presentation of *Hamlet*, in which Alec Guinness, one of the most versatile and endearing actors of our day, at last gives in the West End his mature version of the Hamlet he played once at the Old Vic in modern dress. New York will see this at the end of the Festival summer.

Other Shakespearean revivals are two of the comedies and the romance of *The Winter's Tale*. Peter Brook produces the last of these. John Gielgud is Leontes, in the grasp of jealousy's yellow fever; Diana Wynyard is the suffering Hermione, and Flora Robson the loyal Paulina. This will be at Edinburgh during the second week of a Festival which runs from August 19 to September 8, and we may expect it in London as a high autumnal tale. During the main Festival period London will get the Old Vic Company in repertory, with a new Hugh Hunt production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Peggy Ashcroft as Mistress Page, Roger Livesey as Falstaff); and, at the Open Air Theatre from May 21, a two-months run of the loveliest of comedies, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Stratford-upon-Avon has already begun the Historical Cycle which, by the end of July, when four histories are in the repertory, will offer to visitors something like the old Bensonian "Week of Kings." The first piece, *Richard the Second*, with Michael Redgrave in command as Richard, showed how much the cast has profited by the closing of the gulf between stage and audience: the Stratford theatre is now a warmer and friendlier place.

Back in London, another revival—one that will draw comparison with the Gielgud production of 1938—is *The Three Sisters*, which Tennents will stage with Sir Ralph Richardson as Vershinin, and Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton and Renée Asherson as the sisters who yearn for Moscow. Peter Ashmore is the producer.

I suppose that, nowadays, *Hassan* can also be called a near-classic. London has not met James Elroy Flecker's Arabian Night since 1924 (the end of the run at His Majesty's): Basil Dean brings it forward again, for Tom Arnold, probably during the week of May 7 at a theatre not yet decided. There will be the Delius score, a ballet under Marie Rambert's direction, and Motley décor; and Basil Dean has cast André Huguenet, a South African actor of eminence, for Hassan, confectioner of Bagdad who loves the coquette, Yasmin. Hilda (*Anna Lucasta*) Simms is the tragic Pervaneh; Elizabeth Sellars is Yasmin, and Frederick Valk the Caliph.

So much for classics and near-classics, with one word to Peter Cotes for his enterprise in choosing Shelley's *The Cenci* for the New Boltons; it begins on June 5. Before then, on May 8, a Boltons revival of *The Devil's Disciple* will be one of many Festival productions of Shaw. Margaret Lockwood is Eliza Doolittle in a Sherek-presented *Pygmalion* (Edinburgh, first week). In London, besides *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, an Old Vic *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, and the productions now running (Griff has drawn the *Man and Superman* leads, John Clements and Kay Hammond), the Arts Theatre Club has planned cheerfully a festival of eighteen Shavian one-acters: 16 players for 109 parts.

Work by contemporary dramatists includes N. C. Hunter's *Waters of the Moon*—due now at the Haymarket—with its extraordinary cast, headed by Dames Edith Evans and Sybil Thorndike, and Wendy Hiller. William Douglas Home's Scots chronicle, *The Thistle and the Rose* (Hugh Burden and Andrew Cruickshank are in it), opens in June; and J. B. Priestley, Peter Ustinov, Anthony Kimmins, and Joan Morgan are other Festival-minded writers. Outside London the Festival theatre will welcome us to Stratford, Edinburgh, to mediæval Mysteries at York, and to Pitlochry, Bath, Canterbury, Oxford, Cambridge, Salisbury, Aldeburgh: indeed, all over the map. Both the provinces and London are to share the new Christopher Fry, *A Sleep of Prisoners*, devised for production in churches.

It should be quite clear by now that no playgoer worth his salt can think of a summer abroad.

THE PAGEANTRY OF ENGLAND

WHEN the crusading heralds designed arms for the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, they set five golden crosses in a silver field. They did so with intent, that men might ask why the convention of their craft, that metal should not be placed upon metal, should be so flagrantly violated—and receive the reply that these were not the arms of one of the common kingdoms of this world.

And so also the pageantry that frames so much of English life, intricate and stately and many-coloured, seems designed at every turn to provoke questions—questions to which there is always an answer, for ceremonies in this quietly ceremonious land have not been arbitrarily devised by officials or theatrical producers, but have grown through the ages with the people's growth, and hold memories ancient and very dear. They express what Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has called England's " spacious and beautiful sense of time as builder, healer and only perfecter of worldly things." In them the spirit of our ancestors is more than commemorated : it lives still, and guides our forward steps.

If the Festival visitor is fortunate he may see, before ever he sets foot on English soil, the King's ships stepping their proud and delicate minuet upon the waves, or dressed over all to salute some guest of honour. Steel has replaced the ancient oak, but the words of command and much of the evolutions have come down without a break from Drake's and Nelson's navies. He may even see flying ashore that wonderful mediæval banner of the Cinque Ports, on which the leopards and the ships' hulls, not side by side but inseparably conjoined, proclaim the mystic marriage of England with the sea.

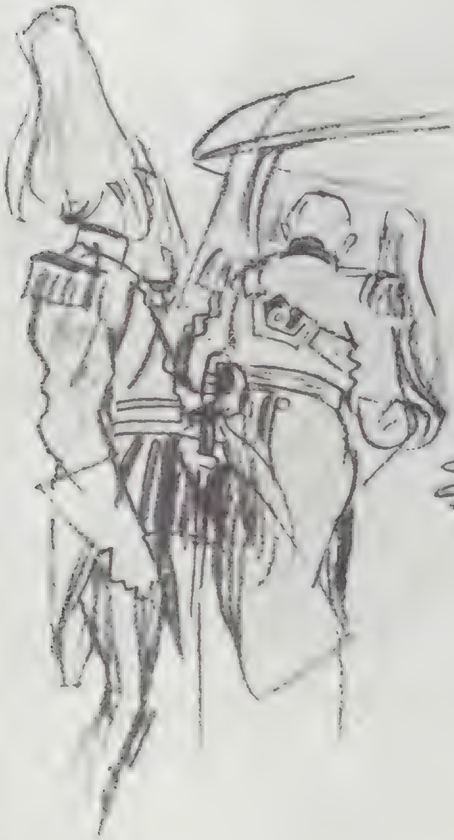
But the visitor is doubtless bound inland, and probably for London, where he will be at the centre of English pageantry, because close to the presence of the King. All of it centres upon the person of his Majesty—and is therefore domestic to the people, because the King is the symbolic figure in which they are all incarnate. If any foreigner doubts their acceptance of the King as their supreme representative, let him attend the races at Royal Ascot, and listen to the cheering as the Royal carriage, with its scarlet-coated attendants, comes jingling down the course, the King leading his people in their national sports as truly as in all the great affairs of State. The most tremendous of all Royal ceremonies, and the fullest of profound historical meaning, the Coronation, is not to be solemnized every year ; but no one can quite comprehend the meaning of the King to England who has not before his mind's eye some picture of the scene of pomp and glory in which this sacramental man has been anointed with holy oil and invested with the spurs of knighthood, the sword of justice, the rod of authority and the crown of righteousness, all with rites and prayers of which many have come down unaltered from the day when King Edgar the Peaceful was crowned in 973.

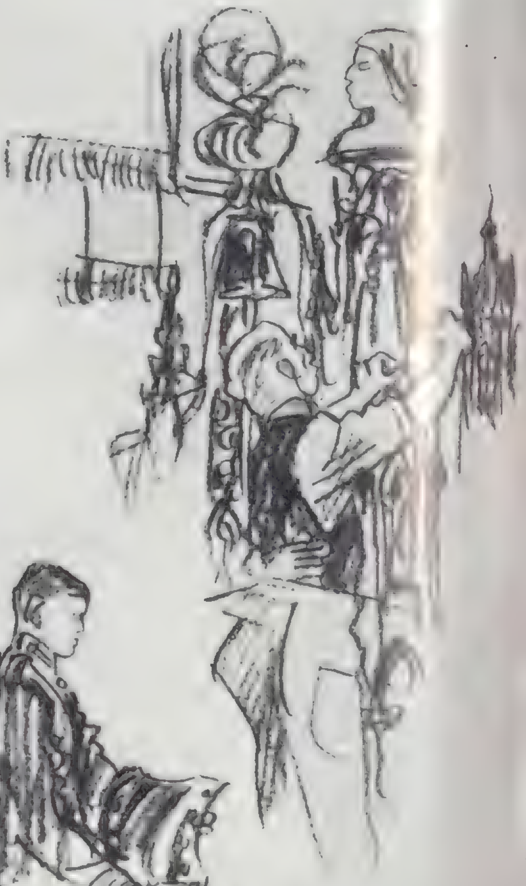
Though there is no Coronation, the visitor may well have a chance to see the King in his greatest secular state, when he goes in procession to open a new session of Parliament. Did not King William the Conqueror inaugurate the custom of wearing his crown in public three times a year ? From the social gatherings that assembled round him on those festive occasions have been derived the periodic meetings of the men of light and leading in the realm, and so the institution of Parliament which the world has copied ; but the first day still takes the form of a social occasion, with

(Continued on page 337)

ROYAL TRANSIT

Sketches specially drawn by Francis Marshall.





THE CEREMONY OF THE GARTER

Sketches specially dra

wn by Francis Marshall.

MILITARY PAGEANT

Sketches specially drawn by Francis Marshall.

THE PAGEANTRY OF ENGLAND

(Continued from page 332)

the lords and ladies of the land sitting round the King in their finest robes, and the King still wears his crown and plays host. He can be at ease in their midst, for he knows that the Yeomen of the Guard with full pageantry have searched the vaults below the Parliament Chamber, in case Guy Fawkes, who was found there with some hundredweights of gunpowder in 1605, has crept back to his place of ambush.

Or the visitor may see the King leaving Westminster to visit his neighbouring capital city of London, as he will do for the dedication of the Festival in St. Paul's Cathedral. On reaching the City boundary at Temple Bar, the King will find that his representative in the City, the Lord Mayor, has come down to meet him, with retinue in robes of civic dignity, and armed with the City Sword, in case the approaching cavalcade consists of the King's enemies. It is a necessary precaution: more than one Mayor of London in ages of dynastic strife had to defend the walls against pretenders to the crown. The present Lord Mayor, however, on finding that it is his undoubted liege lord who seeks admittance, will surrender the Sword (as is his duty, for it is the sword of the King's justice); and the King will touch it and give it back, in token that he is well satisfied with the way it has been wielded. Thereafter the Lord Mayor will carry the weapon aloft before the King; for within the precincts he is responsible for guarding his Sovereign's life.

No pageant of the year is more august than the Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, held in the midst of the serene, incomparable grandeur of Windsor Castle, above the lordly Thames, where the King and Queen and the most illustrious of their subjects go to their worship in velvet mantles, not of their own historic red, but of the azure and gold of the King of France—because this famous brotherhood, the oldest secular order of chivalry now surviving in Christendom, was founded in 1348 to support King Edward III.'s contention that he was himself the true heir to the French throne.

Not all our ceremonies are memorials of triumph; the devotees of lost causes also maintain their observance. The Festival visitor will be too late to see the flowers piled high round the statue of King Charles I., on the anniversary of his death by the headsman's axe on January 30, 1649; but he may see the veterans of many wars parade in the gracious peace of Chelsea Hospital in honour of their patron, King Charles II., each wearing oak leaves on his scarlet frock-coat, because it was in an oak that King Charles hid from his pursuers after his disastrous defeat on Worcester field. And if he inquires a little further, he will find that many streams of tradition, once dashing against one another in deadly strife, have flowed together at last to swell the tide in the broad estuary of modern English history. The Brigade of Guards, for instance, the most famous ceremonial troops in the world, and the most dreaded by the King's enemies on the battlefield—with what absolute mutual understanding and confidence regiment relieves regiment in the stately ritual of the Changing of the Guard! Yet the Coldstream are the survivors, in unbroken descent, from the rebel New Model Army of the seventeenth century when the ancestors of the Grenadiers were the personal bodyguard of the exiled King; and the Scots Guards descend from the Covenanters who were the third party to that great struggle. So, too, in the Household Cavalry, the followings of those bitter enemies, King William of Orange and King James, whom he dethroned, ride together in the burnished breast-plates of the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards Blue. Both sides in our ancient quarrels are immortal, but the quarrels themselves issue into peace. There is the enduring strength of England, whose spirit is reconciliation. So for love of their country and pride in her tradition, old adversaries join to celebrate her noble pageants, "walking in scarlet with ornaments of gold on their apparel."

Andrew Osborn (left), Cathleen Nesbitt and Ronald Simpson in a scene from the recent production of Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

A slight argument ruffles the smooth waters of *Cranford*: Betty Marsden, Gillian Lind, George Woodbridge and Julia Braddock.

Sonya Hana as Hsi-Shi, the central character in *The Fair Queen of Wu*, a brilliant television experiment. Also Margarita Tate and Marjorie Woodhams.

A trial for murder—an authentic reconstruction of a criminal court featured in the last of the successful "The Course of Justice" series.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING BACK

IN the last issue we mentioned some of the necessary developments in technique which will have to take place before the operatic type of production can be really satisfactory television entertainment. A pointer to a different solution was given recently, when *The Fair Queen of Wu* was broadcast. It was a story of ancient China, told in narrative, song, dance and mime—and it was beautifully done. The narrator, the singers and the orchestra were out of sight, so it did not matter whether they were handsome or ill-favoured. On the screen we saw a company of talented dancers, trained to express emotions and action in terms of movement. From this successful beginning may it not be possible to evolve a satisfactory technique for presenting the great operatic works, like "The Ring"? By tradition one has come to accept 20-stone Brunhildas and Siegfrieds on the stage. On intimate television that will never be acceptable. Meanwhile, experimental as *The Fair Queen of Wu* may have been, it was an artistic triumph in its own right, so our heartiest congratulations to everyone, especially Sonya Hana, exquisite in the lead, producer Philip Bate, choreographer Felicity Gray and designer Stephen Bundy.

Ibsen's *Ghosts* was another television highlight. Happily, nowadays, society takes a more realistic view of social diseases, so the play's culminating shock has not the shattering effect it had in the 'eighties when the play was first produced in this country. But as a dramatic work it is dateless, and its attack upon the façade of hypocritical respectability is still telling. The occasion was one of Drama Chief Val Gielgud's excursions into production (with Dallas Bower), and a brilliant job was done. No less brilliant were the performances of the three leading artists: Cathleen Nesbitt as Mrs. Alving, Andrew Osborn as the heredity-tainted Oswald, and Ronald Simpson as the maddening Pastor Manders.

Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* takes one behind the scenes of an entirely different type of world, a world where "genteel" was a word of real and serious import; where the ebb and flow of life caused little more than a sigh or a flutter. The translation of this world into television was a noble effort on the part of Martyn Coleman and Jon Manchip White, who were responsible for the script; Douglas Allen, who produced; Gillian Lind (Miss Matty), Julia Braddock (Mary Smith), Betty Marsden (Miss Pole), and the rest of the large cast. But *Cranford* still defies dramatisation. The mere "attack" needed to prevent a play becoming dull is enough to destroy the leisurely serenity of the book's gentle pages.

Two recent Light Entertainment ventures, featuring Charley Chester and Arthur Askey, leave us in a critical dilemma. We personally cannot abide this type of show. Comics, on television, generally make us squirm; their jokes leave us cold and their particular brand of taste makes us hot. However, among viewers there must be thousands with less esoteric appreciation. So we can only be strictly objective and declare that both these shows were slick and competent in their own way.

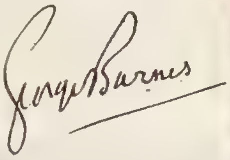
Joan Gilbert receives the Television Society award. She told us that what may be the last "Picture Page" programme will come from the special Festival studio at South Bank Exhibition.

Sally Ann Howes will probably star in the new musical comedy, at present called *1851 Musical*, at a yet unfixed date in the summer.

LOOKING AT THE FESTIVAL

GEORGE R. BARNES, Director of Television, has kindly given us a message to pass on to the readers of *The Sketch*. Here it is:

"The B.B.C. will do all it can to bring viewers as much of the Festival as possible. From the opening ceremony onwards, our television and film cameras will cover the pageant of events in London and other parts of the country, and we shall also ensure that the intention of the Festival is reflected in our own studio programmes."



From Cecil McGivern, Controller of Television Programmes and from the heads of the various departments we got these aims in greater detail.

O.B.s will be covering the opening ceremony from St. Paul's and the King's inaugural speech, also the opening concert in Festival Hall. After that a regular series of broadcasts from South Bank Site, Battersea Park and the Midlands. Film units will deal with events farther afield.

Drama will give four major productions. In May, Shaw's *St. Joan*, with Constance Cummings. July, a Rattigan comedy about cricket. August, *Baikie Charivari*, by Bridie, completed shortly before his recent death. September, a satirical comedy by Priestley, *Treasure on Pelican*.

Light Entertainment will feature "Passing Show," a non-star cavalcade of popular entertainment from 1901 to present day—five instalments, ten years at a time. Also a musical comedy, at present titled *1851 Musical*, with previous Festival as background. And a big Anglo-French variety show presented by French ace producer Claude Barma.

All being well, Ursula Jeans (left) and Roger Livesey have promised to play the leading parts in the Bridie comedy, *Baikie Charivari*.

Terence Rattigan, here seen in his library, is one of the three British authors whose specially-written plays will be seen in Festival television.

Jack Hulbert, shown in the 1949 production of *Under the Counter*, is working hard on the preparation of the *1851 Musical* mentioned above.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MR. L. HUGH NEWMAN, for arranging to supply the Festival with 6000 butterflies and moths—300 a week for five months—to give colour and realism as they flutter round the plants in the Country Pavilion.

MR. NEWMAN, of Butterfly Farm, Bexley, Kent, toured the country in a caravan in search of butterflies and moths for the Festival's Country pavilion, taking them back to his farm to breed. To cover the whole Festival he must supply some 6000 specimens, which will be kept in a temperature of 75 deg. Last month, on TV's "Nature Calendar," he gave a preview of some of those he has successfully hibernated on his farm. In the picture he's inspecting a sleeve-covered lime-tree housing some 1000 caterpillars.

THE REV. W. T. DIXON, for arranging in Brontë surroundings a Festival of Brontë plays in which the local amateur cast includes descendants of contemporaries of the Brontë family.

DURING Britain's Festival, Haworth, home of the Brontë family, will produce a Festival of Brontë plays, organised by its rector, Mr. Dixon. They will run in Haworth parish school from July 9 to 21. During the first week the Brontës' life in Haworth will be depicted; in the second, an adaptation of *Wuthering Heights* will be given. His recent find of letters written by the Rev. Patrick Brontë leads Mr. Dixon to try to prove that the famous sisters succeeded "because of" rather than in spite of their father.

Picture Post Library.

ROWLAND EMETT of *Punch*. For seeing his own Crazy Railway designs carried out in working actuality, to take Festival visitors for a ride.

IT isn't often that an eccentric cartoonist sees his ricketty creations carried out in metal, wood or other substance. But a feature of the Festival's amusement section will be the "Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway" (no reference to British Railways), on which three locomotives designed by Emett will run, and will carry passengers.

JOHN DATSON: For laying every stone of the new South Wall of the river for the Festival by himself—a 1700 ft. frontage.

A UNIQUE feat was carried out by John Datson, Cornish craftsman mason, who himself laid every piece of Cornish granite composing the fine new £250,000 river wall running from County Hall to Waterloo, with the help only of labourers. He must have handled well over 2000 tons of granite, and worked so hard that he sometimes ran out of stone and had to wait for more.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

June, 1950.

August, 1950.

October, 1950.

March, 1951.

An aerial view, October 1950, of the South Bank Exhibition, looking north across the Thames.

THE PEOPLE OF LONDON: FOR THEIR TOLERANCE . . .

"THE MAGIC BOX."—Festival film made co-operatively for the whole film industry. Robert Donat plays William Friese-Greene, late Victorian inventor of the movies; Maria Schell plays Helena. Producer: Ronald Neame. Director: John Boulting.

AT THE CINEMA . . .

FOUR FILMS FOR

"THE LADY WITH A LAMP."—Anna Neagle as Florence Nightingale, and Mrs. O. S. Prentice, O.B.E., head of London County Red Cross and nearest surviving relative of Miss Nightingale, who plays her own grandmother, Joanna Bonham-Carter.

"THE MAGIC BOX"

THE MAGIC BOX, a Technicolor picture based on the life of William Friese-Greene, Bristol-born inventor (in majority opinion) of the motion-picture camera, is described as an "all-industry contribution to the Festival of Britain," and is likely to be given top priority in the exhibition programmes.

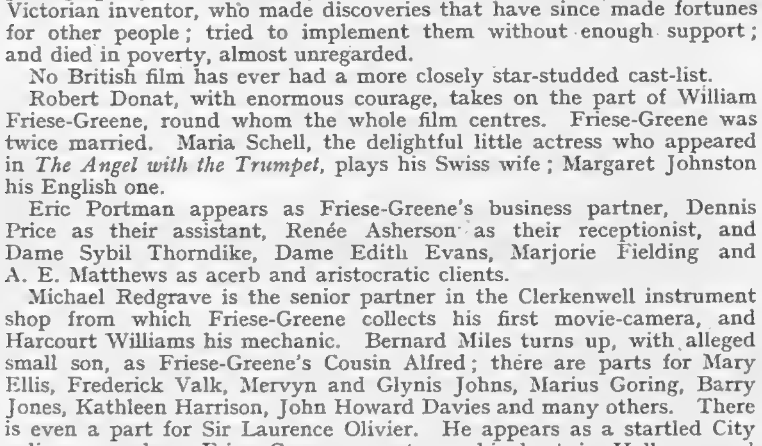
Produced by Ronald Neame (himself the son of a celebrated British photographer) and directed by John Boulting, it tells the story of a late Victorian inventor, who made discoveries that have since made fortunes for other people; tried to implement them without enough support; and died in poverty, almost unregarded.

No British film has ever had a more closely star-studded cast-list.

Robert Donat, with enormous courage, takes on the part of William Friese-Greene, round whom the whole film centres. Friese-Greene was twice married. Maria Schell, the delightful little actress who appeared in *The Angel with the Trumpet*, plays his Swiss wife; Margaret Johnston his English one.

Eric Portman appears as Friese-Greene's business partner, Dennis Price as their assistant, Renée Asherson as their receptionist, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Edith Evans, Marjorie Fielding and A. E. Matthews as acerb and aristocratic clients.

Michael Redgrave is the senior partner in the Clerkenwell instrument shop from which Friese-Greene collects his first movie-camera, and Harcourt Williams his mechanic. Bernard Miles turns up, with alleged small son, as Friese-Greene's Cousin Alfred; there are parts for Mary Ellis, Frederick Valk, Mervyn and Glynis Johns, Marius Goring, Barry Jones, Kathleen Harrison, John Howard Davies and many others. There is even a part for Sir Laurence Olivier. He appears as a startled City policeman, whom Friese-Greene accosts on his beat in Holborn, and hustles up the stairs into a makeshift dark-room, to provide the first preview audience in the history of the screen.



"THE MAGIC BOX."—Jack Carter (Richard Attenborough) takes his fiancée, May Jones (Glynis Johns), and friend, Edith Harrison (Margaret Johnston) to see the Electric Theatre in the Crystal Palace fairground.

"THE LADY WITH A LAMP"

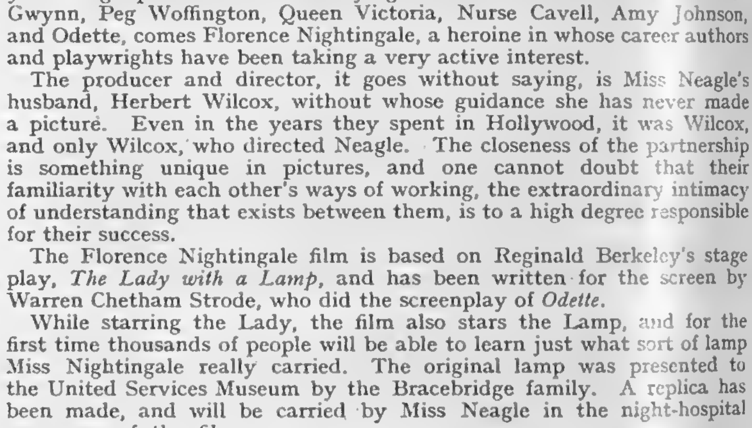
ANNA NEAGLE has played in her time so many of the great women of English history that it is not likely she would allow a Festival year to go past without identifying herself with another. After Nell Gwynn, Peg Woffington, Queen Victoria, Nurse Cavell, Amy Johnson, and Odette, comes Florence Nightingale, a heroine in whose career authors and playwrights have been taking a very active interest.

The producer and director, it goes without saying, is Miss Neagle's husband, Herbert Wilcox, without whose guidance she has never made a picture. Even in the years they spent in Hollywood, it was Wilcox, and only Wilcox, who directed Neagle. The closeness of the partnership is something unique in pictures, and one cannot doubt that their familiarity with each other's ways of working, the extraordinary intimacy of understanding that exists between them, is to a high degree responsible for their success.

The Florence Nightingale film is based on Reginald Berkeley's stage play, *The Lady with a Lamp*, and has been written for the screen by Warren Chetham Strode, who did the screenplay of *Odette*.

While starring the Lady, the film also stars the Lamp, and for the first time thousands of people will be able to learn just what sort of lamp Miss Nightingale really carried. The original lamp was presented to the United Services Museum by the Bracebridge family. A replica has been made, and will be carried by Miss Neagle in the night-hospital sequences of the film.

For the shooting of important scenes in the home section of the Nightingale story, Countess Mountbatten of Burma has given the company the freedom of Broadlands, Romsey. It was at Broadlands, then the residence of Lord Palmerston, that Miss Nightingale had so many of her important and importunate meetings with the statesman. It was there that the young, gay and beautiful Florence danced at one of her first balls.



"THE LADY WITH A LAMP" is produced by Herbert Wilcox. Here Anna Neagle, at the United Services Museum, examines the Order of Merit (the only O.M. ever awarded to a woman) and other decorations received by Florence Nightingale.

. by C. A. Lejeune

THE FESTIVAL

' URDER IN THE CATHEDRAL," Festival film version of T. Eliot's remarkable play, produced and directed by G. M. Hoellering. The Archbishop (Father John Groser), protected by h knights, withdraws from the King's Court, and goes into exile.

'MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"

AT l last, after three years of loving and conscientious preparation, t ilm version of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* is almost ready each the screen. This devotedly ambitious work, which will take n than two hours to show, has been produced and directed by G. M. llering, the benign boss of the Academy Cinema, and director of *A V to Canterbury* and the beautiful Hungarian picture *Hortobagy*. For the st part, it closely follows the published text of the play, but the aut has written a number of new scenes and choruses for it, and himsel s the part of the Fourth Tempter.

Mr. lering's methods of work are strictly individual, and from the be ng he determined that this film must not be produced in an ordinar dio. It should be "amateur" he felt, in the best sense; a labou love achieved by the work of hands.

He o ed permission to use the former St. Stephen's Church, St. John's Wood, a is studio. Inside this church, damaged during the air-raids, and stil howing signs of wear and tear, an exact replica of the crypt of Cant ry Cathedral was built, while adjacent sets showed a smithy, a stable, palace chamber, and other corners of twelfth-century buildings.

The fi will be in black-and-white, but Mr. Hoellering has used colour lavishly ll his sets, as he finds that the contrasts and combinations give ext tone and texture to monochrome photography. The woodwork, fr the tracery of the altar-screen down to the quaint little figures in a game of chess, is all hand-carved; tapestries and costume ve been woven by hand, to original designs.

The pa f the Archbishop is played by Father John Groser, who had to obtain pecial leave from his superiors to undertake the rôle. "I wanted T S. Eliot to play the Archbishop himself," the producer admits. "I pleaded with him for many weeks—and he nearly would—but he wouldn't!"

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL."—At the King's Court, the bench of barons: (l. to r.) David Ward, Victor Lucas, Basil Burton, Ernest Hale, Stanley van Beers, George Woodbridge, Gerald Pring. Mr. Hoellering's studio was the former St. Stephen's Church, St. John's Wood.

"WATERS OF TIME," produced by the Port of London Authority for the Festival, is a documentary related to London River; follows the progress of a ship upstream; deals with her unloading, reloading, and off down the estuary on a fresh voyage.

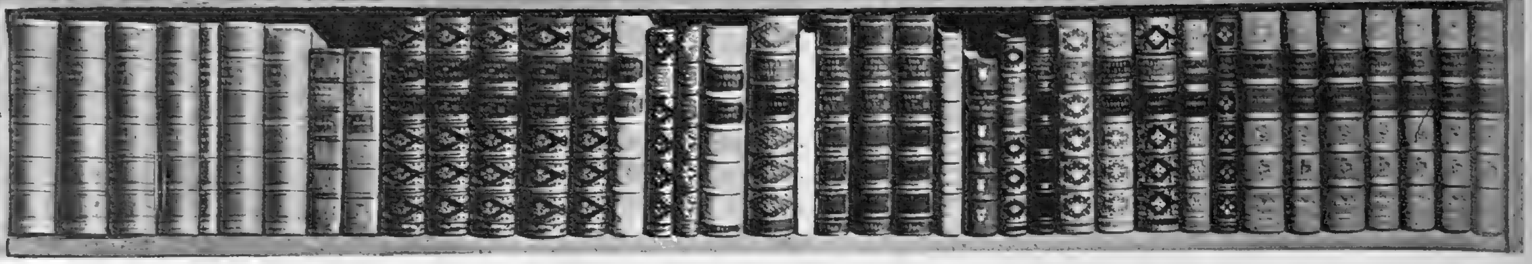
"WATERS OF TIME"

IT is proper that a Festival beside London's river should be graced by a film about London River, and although it is only comparatively short—the running time is under three-quarters of an hour—*Waters of Time*, made for the Port of London Authority, is likely to prove one of the most attractive and popular items in the Festival programmes.

Basil Wright directed the film. That is proper, too, for Mr. Wright was one of the pioneers of "documentary" in this country, and his *Song of Ceylon* is still talked about with bated breath wherever students of the realist cinema gather. He belonged to that band of eager young men who enrolled under John Grierson in the early days of the Empire Marketing Board, and it is interesting to recall that a film about the Thames and its shipping was one of the projects that was begun then but never finished.

Waters of Time follows the progress of a cargo steamer upstream, from the point at which the big ships of the sea meet the little ships of the river; describes the business of unloading, reloading and turning the vessel round; and takes her out to the estuary again on a fresh voyage. Knowing Basil Wright's work, it is safe to assume that the film will be something much more than a factual account of a single, practical shipping operation, for he is a director who long ago learnt to make pictures that are not only accurate in detail, but lovely to look at and exciting to listen to. That *Waters of Time* will be exciting to listen to, there is very little doubt. Most documentary films have commentaries. This one has "words." The words are written (and partly spoken) by Paul Dehn, a film critic who recently adventured into film story-telling, and was co-author of *Seven Days to Noon*. Mr. Dehn is also a practising poet, and a good one, and he admits to having introduced "a bit of free verse" here and there into his script. Well, the waterways of London are a worthy subject for this brave experiment, and the fact that Mr. Dehn's verse often suggests the ring of Masefield's should do no harm.

"WATERS OF TIME."—The heroine—a ship of the Royal Mail *Highland* line—proceeds through the Royal group of docks to her berth. The film is produced by Basil Wright. Words by Paul Dehn. Music by Alan Rawsthorne.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

TIGER IN THE GARDEN. By Speed Lamkin. (*Macmillan ; 10s. 6d.*)

A LONG DAY'S DYING. By Frederick Buechner. (*Chatto and Windus ; 9s. 6d.*)

PLACE CALLED ESTHERVILLE. By Erskine Caldwell. (*The Falcon Press ; 8s. 6d.*)

WINTER IN LONDON. By Ivor Brown. (*Collins ; 12s. 6d.*)

ALL my novels this week are by Americans, and the first two authors are stated by their publishers to be respectively "only twenty years old" and "very young." It is some years since a novelist in England has appeared amid assurances of his adolescence, though we have had plenty of teen-age poets. These American prodigies—for so they are—seem to me to suggest once again that in the States the novel is still a most vital and attractive medium, the one most often chosen by the newcomer for experiment. Also, perhaps, that American publishers are better able than ours to afford the luxury of publishing first novels while their authors are still tentatively feeling their own strength.

At first Mr. Lamkin's very able book, *Tiger in the Garden*, seems to have nothing immature about it. Its theme is one which might have been expected to appeal to an old hand, its writing is competent and demure. A Southern family is falling into decay but is still stronger in its inherited principles and quiet knowledge of its own superiority than the more bustling and acquisitive people around it. The daughter of the house is the only one able to manage its affairs, for one of her brothers is too lazy and unambitious while the other is a pervert and later a suicide. She marries a vigorous go-getter who fails in his political career as an associate of Huey Long, and the book ends with this man, Jim Conway, its most vital character, coming to heel at last and settling down as a morose appendage to the Richardson household. It is in certain of the later scenes, particularly in the raffish quarters of New Orleans, that Mr. Lamkin shows a degree of inexperience. But as a whole this is a remarkably clear-headed book in which some real and interesting people have their being. Very much an author to watch.

MR. BUECHNER'S *A Long Day's Dying* which has received some pretty fulsome eulogy on both sides of the Atlantic, seems to me a far less congenial affair. There is a brittle sophistication about it, a laboured cleverness which at its best produces a finnicky mosaic effect and at its worst is artificial and boring. Mr. Buechner is vouched for by Mr. Christopher Isherwood, with whom, say the publishers, he shows "marked affinity." This may be true of the two authors in intention, but certainly not in effect, for Mr. Isherwood had always the supreme gift of appearing to recount certain things that had happened, while Mr. Buechner seems to contrive incidents in order to relate them. In this book a number of rich dilettanti with names like Tristram Bone, Elizabeth Poor and George Motley, go round in wordy circles. They visit a monastery and the school of Elizabeth's son, where there is an emasculated love-affair between her and her son's tutor. A monkey belonging to Tristram Bone kills itself with a razor because it had seen its owner draw the blade across his throat. And so on. It is impregnated by an atmosphere of great portentousness as though each of the prettily invented episodes were of deeply recondite significance. In fact, they seem to me rococo and over-gilt while the principle on which the style appears to have been formed is: never use an Anglo-Saxon word when a Latin polysyllable can be inserted. That does not, however, mean that there is not promise here. There is, in plenty. The author's affectations are of the kind which will fall away as he progresses. Will it sound too outrageously avuncular if I say that that progress could be speeded by a short period of solitary confinement with nothing to read but Bunyan and the Book of Job?

MR. ERSKINE CALDWELL'S *Place Called Estherville* contrasts neatly with these, for if ever a novel bore the marks of a practised and unfaltering technique, this is it. It is concerned with the colour problem and really it is beginning to seem as though American writers find this preoccupation essential, either as their main theme or as a side issue. Book after book is filled with the writhing of Negroes under social injustice, or of sympathetic Americans who feel for them and show their lives as intolerable. This novel is of the latter kind, and Mr. Caldwell starts off with gusto to describe a petulant pretty American girl of sixteen tormenting a handsome Negro houseboy who is terrified to disobey her lest she scream and complain that he has attacked her, and is at the same time equally afraid of being found alone with her. This boy, Ganus Bazemore, is one of the central characters of the book. It is he who has to suffer the familiar humiliation, terror, torture and finally death at the hands of his white persecutors. The other leading character is his sister Kathyanne, who is lighter of skin than he, and so attracts her employers and associates and eventually has a child by one of them. A Negro called Henry Beck wishes to marry her, however, and his willingness to do so, expressed while she is exultantly recovering from childbirth, is as near to a happy ending as Mr. Caldwell permits himself to go. The book, like most of this author's, seems animated by a flaying anger at the behaviour of mankind in general and particularly of those men and women who live in the American provincial towns which he describes so deftly.

NOW home to a book as English and amiable as these are American and touchy—Mr. Ivor Brown's *Winter in London*. Like most of the articulate lovers of the city, Mr. Brown is no Londoner: "Like so many of London's inhabitants I am not of it by blood or by birth. By accident of my father's profession and of my own I have lived there, off and on, most of my life. London is not in me, though I am in London. But, whether aboriginal or immigrant, a man is a fool who does not study and savour the place in which he lives." He has written, he says, a book of compensations as well as affections, for he knows that they are needed at times by even the fondest Londoner. And although I read it on a sunny day in the country, it seemed to me most nostalgic. He has a chapter on that highway, rather neglected by topographical writers, the Tottenham Court Road, then a discursive account of Poets' Corners in which he unearths some oddments about Browning, Swinburne, Housman, Marvell and Keats. "The Great Invisibles" talks of the annual sporting spectacles for which vast crowds gather though little may be glimpsed, "The Borough" of Southwark, "harbour and hop-market, maker of shoes and vendor of vegetables." There is a chapter on "Christmas, Body and Soul" in which the barrow-boys are recognised—"They have no magic casements, extravagantly orchidaceous, but they do spill a box of paint in the gutter where they flaunt the golden tangerine or kindle an optical blaze with 'orange, orange, burning bright.' This heartening spectacle is one of London's 'free-for-alls' and, when no sun shines, the colour-hungry are indebted to the parade of barrows, whether they stop and buy or stand and stare." Pantomime, monuments, including that of Karl Marx, "Some Games to See," including billiards, cellars, fresh air—these fill his next chapters. There is a characteristic account of The Tower, another of the East End, and the book closes with "Pleasaunces and Pleasures." Even considered as a handbook for those who must pass the cold months in town and want to know "what to do," this is invaluable. As a countryman, determined to avoid London in winter as much as possible, I still enjoyed every line of it.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SLEEPING BACCHUS.
By Hilary St. George Saunders. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

An involved not to say inextricable maze run up by one of the two authors who collaborated under the name of Francis Beeding. It is based on a French mystery—*Le Repos de Bacchus*—by Pierre Boileau, and some of its settings do not transplant very well.

THE HIDDEN HERO.
By Stanley Kauffman. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

Goings-on among Americans in Mexico which have an ending so happy that as the man and woman set out to walk to the letter-box together in the last paragraph, the golden notes of a striking clock "spun out ahead of them like heralds before princes."

WITHOUT A VOICE.
By Louise Collis. (*Faber ; 10s. 6d.*)

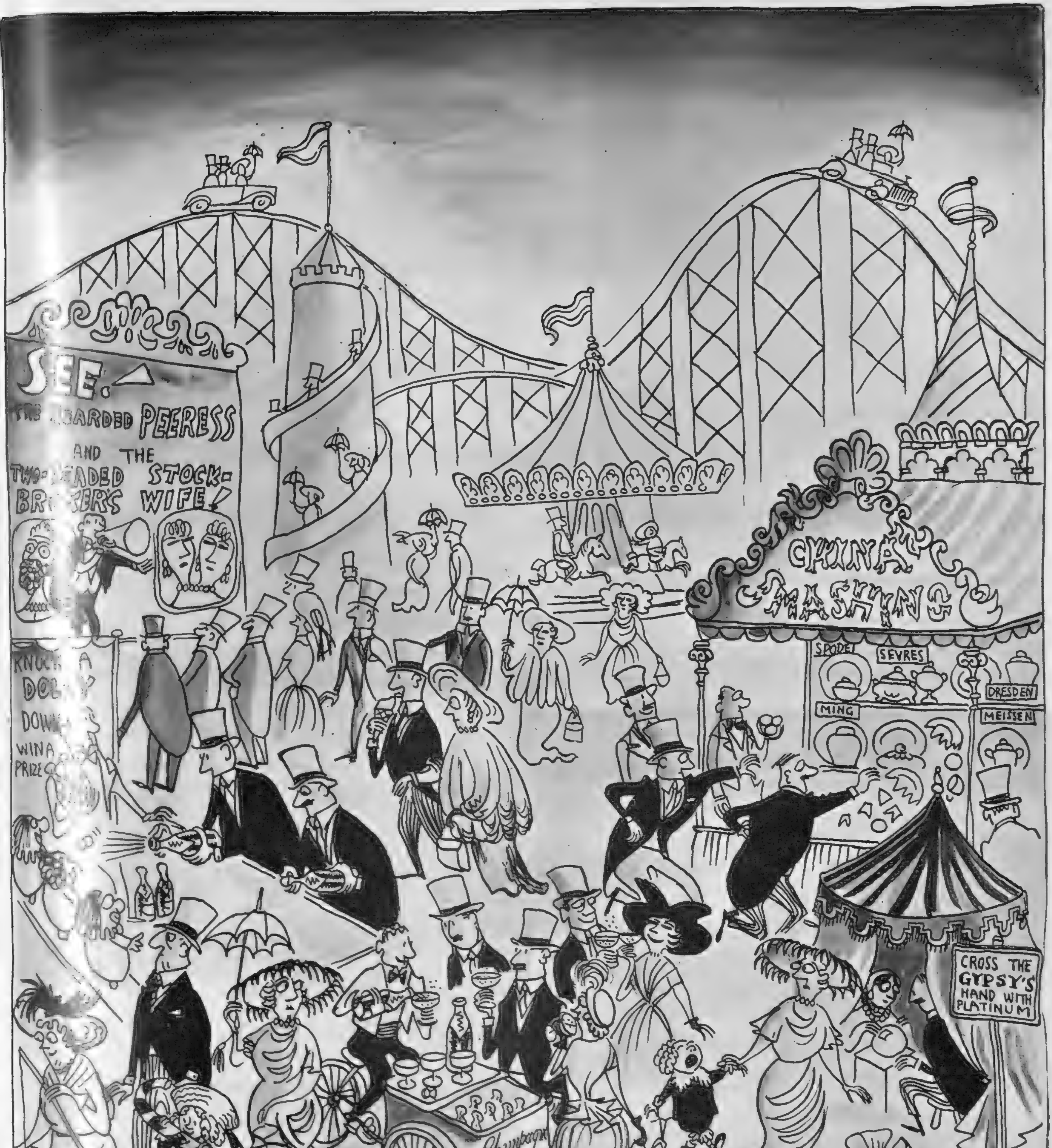
Misunderstood small boy surrounded by noisy, well-meaning relatives. Tragedy, but only for the boy. Miss Collis is clever in making her "nice" people quite odious.

AFTERNOON SUN.
By Resat Nuri Guntekin. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

A warm-hearted sunlit novel by the present Turkish representative at Unesco.

QUARREL WITH MURDER.
By Michael Halliday. (*Evans ; 8s. 6d.*)

Shrewd, fast-moving murder mystery. No fireworks, but a good, sound piece of detective fiction.



Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Sprod.

GUINEA-DAY AT THE FESTIVAL GARDENS

RADIO.—Eileen Hots: For her programme of memories of a childhood Easter in Hampstead.

Frederick Laws

SCREEN.—Glynis Johns, who gets no chance to act in *Flesh and Blood*, but turns up in the last episode of the picture to refresh the audience, like a glass of cool, sparkling cider after a long day.

C. A. Lejeune

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

STAGE.—Michael Redgrave: For the subtle presentation of the decline and fall of Richard II. with which he opened the historical cycle at Stratford-upon-Avon.

J. C. Trewin

LITERATURE.—Ivor Brown: For his *Winter in London*, which should become the hardy perennial for all who love or endure its place and season.

Horrockses Fashions REGD. in Fine Cotton

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

April 12. Princess Margaret will attend the première of the film "Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N." at the Warner Theatre.

April 17. The Queen will open the North Staffs University College at Keele Hall. She will also visit Stoke-on-Trent and Newcastle-under-Lyme.

April 24. The Queen will open a new wing of the Church of England Training College for Teachers at Keswick, near Norwich.

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement is announced between:

David Bevil, son of the Hon. H. N. and Mrs. **Morgan-Grenville**, of Temple Grange, Iver Heath, Bucks, and Nancy, daughter of Mrs. Jessie Bigelow **Martin**, of Washington, D.C.

Michael, son of Major and Mrs. W. H. **Godwin**, of Wribbenhall, Bewdley, Worcs, and Elizabeth Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. **Morton**, of Moyne Hall, Holywell.

Capt. Geoffrey **Sewell**, Grenadier Guards, son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. S. Sewell, of Tysoe Manor, Warwick, and Joan, daughter of the late Sir Watkin **Williams-Wynn**, Bt., and of Lady Williams-Wynn.

The Hon. Hugo **Money-Coutts**, only son of Lord and Lady Latymer, of Cinderhill Farm, Mayfield, Sussex, and Ann, daughter of the late Mr. T. A. **Emmet**, and the Hon. Mrs. Emmet, of Amberley Castle, Sussex.

Geoffrey, son of the late Mr. A. W. **Keighley**, and of Mrs. Keighley, of Sydney, Australia, and Olivia, daughter of the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. **Lubbock**, of 14, Lowndes Square.

Roger St. George **Hedley**, Royal Fusiliers, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. W. St. G. Hedley, of Staplehay, Trull, Somerset, and Pamela Keith, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. **Carlyon**, of Yaxley House, Suffolk.

Sir David **Moncreiffe** of Moncreiffe, Bt., son of the late Comdr. Sir Guy Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, Bt., R.N., and of Lady Moncreiffe, of 44, Orchard Court, W.1, and Margaret, daughter of Col. and Mrs. **Grant-Suttie**, of Edinburgh.

Hubert Charles Houssemayne, son of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Houssemayne **du Boulay**, of Exton House, Exton, Hants, and Marjorie, daughter of Mr. A. Johnstone **Watt**, of South Wootton, King's Lynn, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. Johnstone Watt.

Arthur John Russell, son of the late Arthur **Yencken**, and of Lady Pilditch, of Bredfield Place, Woodbridge, Suffolk, and Agnes-Mary Galbraith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. **Martin**, of Troon, Ayrshire.

Derek, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. **Gillespie**, of Aberford House, Aberford, Yorks, and Valerie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin **Dodsworth**, of Middlethorpe Hall, York.

Gerald Humphry, son of the late Col. G. T. **Bullard**, and of Mrs. Bullard, of Gressenhall, Norfolk, and Patricia Francis Marigold, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. J. **Read**, of Hapton Hall, Norwich, and of the late Mrs. Read.

The Hon. Richard **Orde-Powlett**, eldest son of Lord Bolton, of Bolton Hall, Yorks, and the Hon. Christine **Weld-Forester**, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Forester, of Willey Park, Shropshire.

Timothy Gerald Martin, son of the Hon. H. W. and Mrs. **Brooks**, of Ewdness, Bridgenorth, Shropshire, and Ann, daughter of the Hon. John **Fremantle**, of 32, Hampstead Grove, N.W.3, and of the Lady Elizabeth Berwick.

Brian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack **Keeling**, of Hurst House, Sedlescombe, Sussex, and Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John and Lady **Hanbury-Williams**, of Shaw Farm, Tockenham, Wootton Bassett, Wilts.

SPORT

RACING

April 11, 12. Windsor.
„ 13, 14. Newbury, Bogside, Thirsk.
„ 16, 17. Birmingham.
„ 17, 18, 19. Newmarket (Craven).
„ 20, 21. Catterick, Hurst Park.
„ 23, 24. Wolverhampton.
„ 24-26. Epsom Spring Meeting.
„ 25, 26. Pontefract.
„ 27, 28. Sandown, Ripon.
„ 28. Lanark, Worcester.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The following matches will take place at Twickenham:
April 14. Harlequins *v.* London Welsh.
„ 28. Seven-a-side Finals.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (Old Vic)—5th production of the season, with Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey. April 17.

"The Martin's Nest" (Westminster)—comedy-drama by Joan Morgan, with Hermione Baddeley and Mervyn Johns. April 12.

"Waters of the Moon" (Haymarket)—a comedy by N. C. Hunter, with Edith Evans, Sybil Thorndike, Wendy Hiller and Kathleen Harrison. April 19.

Bob Hope (Prince of Wales)—for two weeks from April 23.

Festival of Shaw's One-act Plays (Arts)—opens April 26 and continues until the end of July.

Danny Kaye (Palladium)—for an eight-week season from May 7.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

April 15. Handel's "Messiah," with the B.B.C. Choral Society and the New London Orchestra conducted by Leslie Woodgate.

April 16. The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Solo pianoforte: Eileen Joyce.

April 17. The New Era Concert Society presents Kirsten Flagstad.

April 18. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the B.B.C. Choral Society conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, with soloists Isobel Baillie and William Herbert.

April 19. The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.

April 22. The London Symphony Orchestra with Yvonne Catterall, solo pianoforte.

April 25. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Solo pianoforte: Solomon.

April 29. The New London Orchestra conducted by Alec Sherman in a concert of Music from the Ballet.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: On April 26, first performance of a new opera, "The Pilgrim's Progress," by Vaughan Williams.

At Sadler's Wells: the present season continues until April 28; the new opera, "Katya Kabanova," will be given on April 14, 18, 20, 26. The Festival Season opens on May 5.

BALLET

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: the repertoire now includes Frederick Ashton's new ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe." On April 16 "Mamzelle Angot" will be revived.

At Sadler's Wells: ballet performances are given on Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinées. Present season ends April 28; the Festival Season opens May 5.

ART

At Victoria and Albert Museum: newly-opened Gallery of Oil Painting and Renaissance Galleries.

At the Guildhall: Royal Drawing Society "Children's Royal Academy." April 16-28.

At the Tate Gallery: Eton Leaving Portraits.

At Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover Street: Graham Sutherland Retrospective Exhibition.

Paintings by Bernard Buffet, at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street.

Women's International Art Club, at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. April 28.

139th Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours. Until April 28.

Paintings by Helion. Sculpture by Wotruba. Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George's Street, Hanover Square.

Fauve Painting in France and Abroad, at Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19, Cork Street, W.1. Until April 21.

French 18th- and 19th-Century Paintings, at Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street.

Auguste Renoir, in aid of the Save the Children Fund, at Marlborough, 17, Old Bond Street, April 17.

Paintings and Water-colours by British Artists, at Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. April 25.

Modern Books and Writers at the National Book League, 7, Albemarle Street, W.1. April 25.

Royal Water-colour Society, at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. April 27.

Exhibition by the Royal School of Needlework at St. James' Palace. April 12-May 15.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Gala première of the film "The Tales of Hoffman" at the Carlton Theatre, in aid of the English Opera Group Association, on April 18. Queen Mary has consented to attend.

The Red Cross Ball (County of London Branch and Chelsea Division), at the Dorchester on April 27.

The Lord's Taverners' Ball, in aid of National Playing Fields Association, in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on April 30. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend.

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball for débutantes in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on May 2.

The Red Hat Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of Christ Church United Clubs, on May 2.

The Jewel Ball of 1951 at the Dorchester on May 9. Proceeds go to the Dockland Settlements.

The fourth Allied Circle International Ball at the Dorchester on May 10.

ENGAGEMENTS

Keystone.

Miss Margaret Grant-Suttie, who has announced her engagement to Sir David Montcreiffe, Bt. (See opposite page.)

Lenare.

Miss Ann Emmet, who has announced her engagement to the Hon. Hugo Money-Coutts. (See opposite page.)

Pearl Freeman.

The H[illegible] Christine Weld-Forester, who h[illegible]ust announced her engagement t[illegible] the Hon. Richard Orde-Powl[illegible]. (See opposite page.)

Leigh Hyde.

Miss Olivia Lubbock, who has announced her engagement to Yorkshire cricketer, Mr. Geoffrey Keighley. (See opposite page.)

Fayer.

Miss Molly Fletcher, who is to marry Mr. Richard Coke, D.S.O., M.C., on April 28.

Fayer.

Miss Barbara Elizabeth Saxon, of Bradenham Hall, Norfolk, who is marrying Mr. Godfrey Gervase Thornton on April 28.

Pearl Freeman.

Miss Vivian Crichton, who marries Major E. R. D. Palmer, M.C., in Farnham, Surrey, on April 21.

Hay Wrightson.

Miss Ann Fremantle, who has announced her engagement to Mr. T. G. M. Brooks. (See opposite page.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Fred Daniels.

Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey are together in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* at the Old Vic. (See opposite page.)

Virginia Mayo co-stars with Gregory Peck in *Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.*, at Warner Theatre.

Pier Angeli, the new Italian star in *Teresa*, opening at the Empire on April 22.

Vivienne.

Hermione Baddeley is in *The Martin's Nest* opening at the Westminster Theatre on April 12. (See opposite page.)

Sophie Desmarets and Maurice Chevalier as they appear in *Ma Pomme*, due at the Continentale, Tottenham Court Road, on April 15.

McBean.

Dame Edith Evans will be playing a leading part in *Waters of the Moon* at the Haymarket. (See opposite page.)

Bob Hope appears at the Prince of Wales Theatre for two weeks from April 23.

Noble and King, well-known American cabaret stars, are now appearing for the first time in England for a short season at the Berkeley.

The Odd Half-Page

THE COMMODITY SELLING HANDICAP

By James Dowdall

LISTENING to the radio, a short time ago, there fell on my ears a Terrible and Forbidden Utterance. Its impact on me was rather like that of a naughty word on a vestry meeting. For the word was the clearly spoken and quite unambiguous name of a famous branded product, and I realised that here was a means by which the whole B.B.C. ban on the mention of trade-names could go for the biggest Burton in history. For the name was also the name of a racehorse.

Let us take a case. The managing director of "Pip-Pop—The Kocktail Kup," learns that a friend of his has bought an unnamed colt which, if rumour is right, is a hot candidate for the race. Banteringly he says he will pay £500 to his pet charity if he lets him name the colt; and a few weeks later *Pip-Pop* is duly registered at Weatherby's. On the morning of the race his advertising manager reports that *Pip-Pop's* name has already occupied enough space to cost him £20,000 from the newspapers and magazines if paid for at standard advertising rates. For *Pip-Pop* is the favourite. Acting on this, he has plastered the Derby Day editions and his own delivery-vans with the slogan, "Everyone's Talking about 'Pip-Pop'"—which is no more than the truth, and is still true even if *Pip-Pop* is not placed.

And at last comes the great moment when, for a solid quarter of an hour, *Pip-Pop's* name is boomed forth into every office, factory and home in England from a hundred thousand loudspeakers—and that with the full power of the electrifying voice of Raymond Glendenning. "*Pip-Pop* is looking grand—a beautiful horse—is cantering easily past the stands . . ."; until, perhaps, to a cheer which echoes from St. James's to the outlying crofts of Scotland and Cornwall, the voice gallops to its final burst with, "And *Pip-Pop's* gone into the lead. It's *Pip-Pop*. He's still gaining. *Pip-Pop's* a length ahead now and—yes—it's *Pip-Pop*! And *Pip-Pop* has won the Derby from . . ."

No experienced advertising man would attempt to assess the "name-selling" value for "Pip-Pop" which that £500 had bought—excluding the jocular toasts, drunk in "Pip-Pop" that night by successful backers, and the cartoon, drawn by the managing director's friend "Ziz" of the *Evening Cry*, showing "Pa Pip-Pop," the comedy trade-mark of the firm, romping past the post in a jockey's cap. For money could not buy it.

In America, where everything from a gangster's funeral to the signing of the Peace Treaty has been harnessed to advertising, the Jockey Club have already insured their dignity against such a happening by means of two unbreakable rules: "No horse may be given a trade-name with any advertising connotation" and "No horse may be named for any living person; nor may it be given the title of a song, book or any other copyrighted work." Which seems almost watertight—though there would still be nothing to stop a manufacturer, on the day of the Kentucky Derby, from launching an advertising campaign for a new product, named after the favourite. But the rule is so strict that the American Jockey Club spokesman, Mr. Kennedy, when asked what would happen if a trade-name leaked into the register by mistake, said: "The registrant would be asked to change it, which he would undoubtedly do as a good sportsman. In the event of his refusing to do so, administrative action by the Jockey Club would be taken."

But in England no such rule exists; and a glance at the current register will reveal at least half-a-dozen horses named after branded goods, actresses, songs and the rest. The Jockey Club, says their spokesman,* would not allow Mr. Boop to call his horse *Boop's Pills*. None the less, the records can show at least one case where the chairman of a big company did run a horse called after his product whose name was not like, say, "Corona," a perfectly good dictionary word in its own right but meant nothing but itself. And in any case, the line is a tenuous one.

They have not, of course, taken the least objection to Mr. Jack Solomons calling his horse *Seconds Out*; though, if it won a big race, it would certainly reflect glory on his undertakings. Similarly it would be quite harmless for a playwright to call his horse *House Full*. But what, for example, supposing Conan Doyle had called a horse *Sherlock Holmes*, or Edgar Wallace had wanted to name one *Crimson Circle*, which was not only his first best-seller but the trade-mark on the jacket of all his subsequent thrillers? Only the case could provide the test.

And nobody need doubt the pulling power of such a ruse. For a subtle mysticism attaches to the public's affection for the names of their winners. Thousands of veterans from the Airborne Service collected on the Derby a few years ago; the bookies lost badly on *Lovely Cottage* through under-estimating the number of optimistic sentimentalists who save their winnings for the dream-house to which they will one day retire. Certainly all those Communists whose loathing of "bourgeois" recreations did not get the better of them, went home with full pockets on the night *Russian Hero* won the National. And, conversely, there is no doubt that if this year's Derby was won by a horse named after a film which timed its release correctly, tens of thousands of backers would celebrate their winnings by taking an evening out to see it.

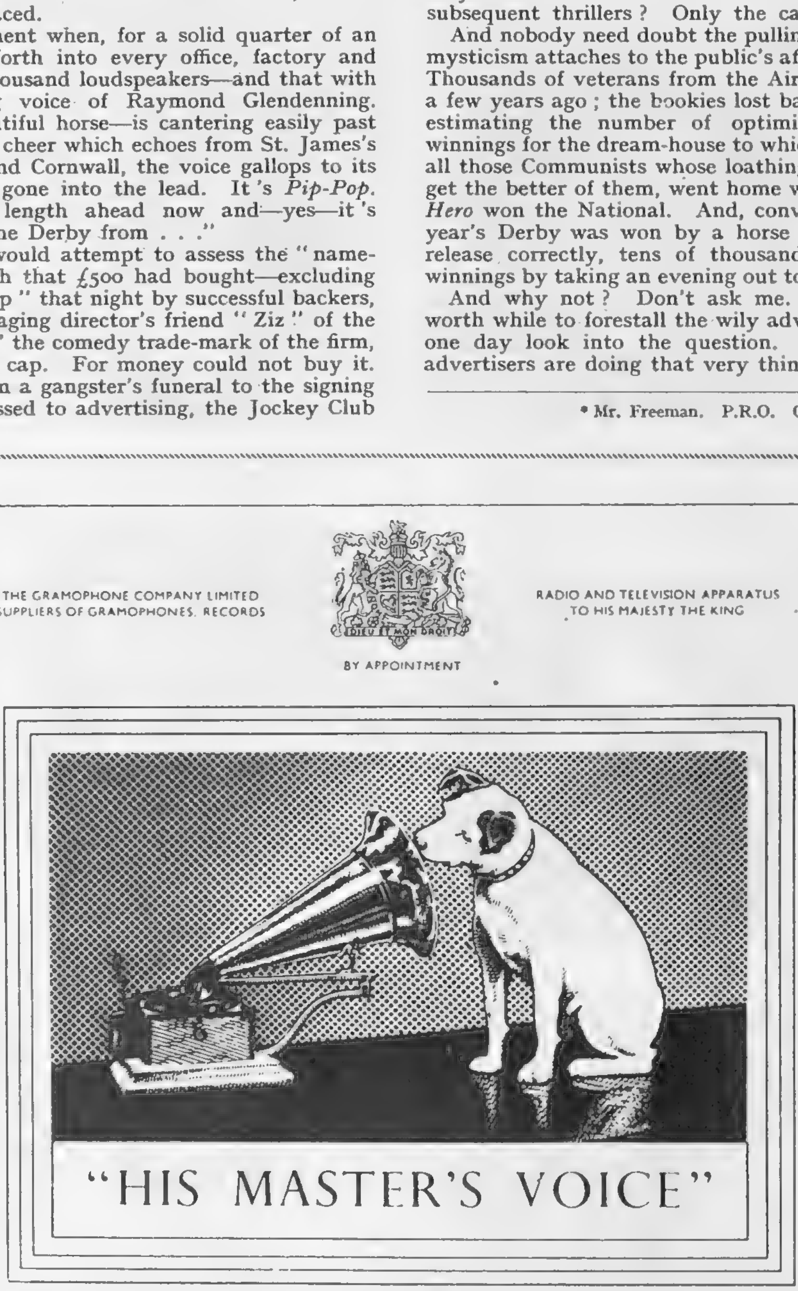
And why not? Don't ask me. But since America has thought it worth while to forestall the wily advertiser, perhaps the Jockey Club will one day look into the question. For it is not unlikely that several advertisers are doing that very thing.

* Mr. Freeman, P.R.O. On the record and for quotation.

H·M·V H·M·V

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES, RECORDS RADIO AND TELEVISION APPARATUS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT



The Hallmark of Quality

H·M·V H·M·V

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX

There's nothing to equal 'Dayella'

REGD.

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED NOTTINGHAM G1/2

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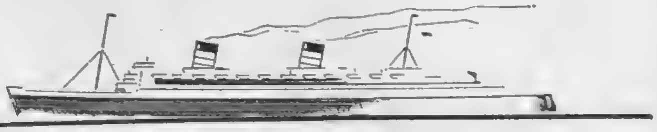

The "Queens"— largest and fastest liners in the World

THE PAGEANTRY OF SCOTLAND

By Moray McLaren

COLOUR in profusion, colour that contrasts more often than it blends, colour that riots without shame, colour revelled in with the abandon of a child who has just been given a new paintbox—that is the essence of Scottish pageantry. But (and this is important) if it be true and traditional Scottish pageantry and not just a Celtic, Harry Lauder, picture postcard beanfeast, that colour, however abandoned, must move according to strict and set pattern and rule.

Visitors to Edinburgh last year who saw the Highland dancing by the soldiers on the Castle esplanade at night will know what I mean. There, in the almost garish illumination of floodlights and high above the lamp-twinkling capital of Scotland, young Scots in the full flush of early manhood and arrayed in the tartans of their regiment moved through the steps of the reels and the sword dances with the precision of a *corps de ballet*.

Against the black and grey setting of nocturnal Edinburgh, with only the faint green of an autumn twilight dying away in the far north across the Firth of Forth and behind the Highland hills, this military Highland pageantry was extraordinarily effective. Indeed, some visitors found it the most unforgettable experience of the Edinburgh Festival. Anyone who comes to Scotland this year, however, and who pushes his journey northwards into the Highlands, to Braemar, Oban and similar gathering-places, will enjoy quite as effective pageantry, but against a different setting.

Here in amphitheatres enclosed by Highland hills themselves wearing their autumn dress of colours that can (if the weather be at all kindly) outdo the tartans, the traditional Highland games will be held. Here amidst the sound of the pipes and interspersed with such feats as tossing the caber and throwing the hammer you will see men dancing with all the gaiety of colour and in scenes of colour. Yes, men! For Scottish pageantry is a masculine affair. And the introduction of girls dancing the sword dance and the like is a shocking innovation which no true Highlander would permit at any function over which he had control. The spectacle is as ridiculous as would be the sight of a pea-hen trying to spread her tail.

But without doubt the biggest and most ambitious spectacle of pageantry in Scotland this year will be the "gathering of the clans" from overseas in Edinburgh. Despite the characteristically Highland controversy that has arisen over whether the chiefs will or will not attend, this is bound to be one of the most impressive sights that the Capital has ever seen. A thousand pipers, both from Scotland and from overseas, will be taking part in the march along Princes Street to the gathering-place at Murrayfield. And whether the weather be bright or dark the riot of colour, as well as of sound, will be equally effective in our grey old Capital.

A Scottish girl staying in France was asked for a description of the marching of pipe bands in her native country. She began with enthusiasm, but soon found that her memories of home and of the sight which she was trying to recall was too much for her French: she burst into tears. "Say no more," said the old lady with whom she was lodging, "this is eloquence enough."

How I agree.

Sketches by Antoni Wasilewski.

TURNMILL ST.
HATTON GARDEN
FARRINGDON
COWCROSS STREET
"THE CASTLE"
ELY PLACE
CHARTERHOUSE ST.
HOLBORN
HOLBORN CIRCUS
HOLBORN VIADUCT
RD.
"THE MITRE"
FARRINGDON ST.
This is the only pub in the country which has a pawnbroker's licence. It was granted by George IV when the landlord loaned him some money on his gold watch.
"THE CHESHIRE CHEESE"
FLEET ST.
LUDGATE CIRCUS
In "the MITRE" is the trunk of a tree which supports the building. Round this very tree Queen Elizabeth danced with Sir Christopher Hatton to whom she gave the property.
KING WILLIAM ST.
"THE OLD WINE SHADES" in Martin Lane, Cannon St. is the oldest pub in London still in its original state. It has undergone no structural change since it was built in 1663
At this ancient tavern Dr. Johnson wined and dined. His favourite seat is still preserved.
BLACKFRIARS BR.
SOUTHWARK BR.
LONDON BRIDGE
TOWER BRIDGE
River Thames
BANKSIDE
THE ANCHOR
PRIZE BEERS
ALES & STOUT
BANKSIDE
"THE ANCHOR" is situated on Shakespeare's Bankside where his Globe Theatre used to be.
HIGH STREET
BOROUGH
It was built in the 18th century
At "THE GEORGE" Mr. Pickwick met Sam Weller.

Some London Taverns
XXX
PRIZE BEERS
PROSPECT OF WHITBY
"THE OLD WINE SHADES"
TO THAMESIDE TAVERNS
"THE PROSPECT OF WHITBY" IN WAPPING WALL claims to be the oldest Thameside Tavern in London.
"THE GRAPES" NARROW STREET, LIMEHOUSE is the original "Six Jolly Fellowship Porters" of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend."
"THE SPREAD EAGLE" IN ROTHERHITHE is the only pub with a postage stamp licence.
"THE GEORGE" SOUTHWARK is the only galleried coaching inn left in London.
Peter Jackson

FESTIVAL WEAR

By Veronica Lee

FASHIONS may come and fashions may go, but—whether for utilitarian warmth on head or shoulders, or for the purely decorative purpose of dolling-up a plain frock—the ubiquitous scarf goes on for ever. Jacqmar have brought out a new series of their now famous printed designs especially for the Festival of Britain, and here on this page we show you three of them.

LONDON PAGEANT: A scarf of colour and action which portrays not only many of London's landmarks but also such personalities as the Beefeater, the Guardsman, the Chelsea Pensioner and the "Bobby"; also the Royal Coach and the Lord Mayor's Show. Multi-coloured on a white ground, the price is 72s. 6d.

A THAMES-SIDE VILLAGE: Hurley, in Berkshire, was chosen to illustrate rural England on this scarf. On it river craft are depicted, and items of historic interest in the locality such as monastery ruins, the ancient Saxon church and, of course, *The Old Bell*, which claims to be the oldest inn in the country. The colours are blue/green, blue/blue and blue/yellow; price, four guineas.

LONDON PUBS: No fewer than sixty-four pubs in Central London are featured on this scarf—a useful and quite accurate guide for thirsty visitors! Available in lovely shades of red, green and blue, at 89s. 6d. (Incidentally, we provide our own Festival guide to some of London's famous pubs on pages 354 and 355 of this issue.)

Classic fashions for Festival Year
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SUMMER OCCASIONS

By Veronica Lee

THE Season is nearly upon us . . . races, garden parties, Wimbledon, Henley, Lord's. Here are some suggestions as to what to wear on these occasions—and all from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Right: Printed silk organdie with a delicate blue design on a white ground. For out of doors the cape can be worn thrown back to cover the shoulders; for evening, forward, as in the picture.

Above: Champagne coloured guipure lace and net makes this young-looking race or garden-party frock. Choose to go with it a big, black cartwheel of a hat trimmed with shaded yellow roses.

Right: The tailored look, so fashionable this year; a net coat frock in shimmering peacock colours over a shot taffeta slip.

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Fine Swiss watches can be bought from all good jewellers. No shop has exclusive rights. To ensure continued watch-satisfaction, consult the repair expert at your jeweller's. No one else is so competent to give your watch the professional care it deserves.

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A GUIDE TO SCHWEPPSHIRE (p. 76) *NATURAL HISTORY*

THE LITTLE STINK (Odor odor). *Professor Fowler, with his class, secretly examines actual nest.*

Schwepping Forest

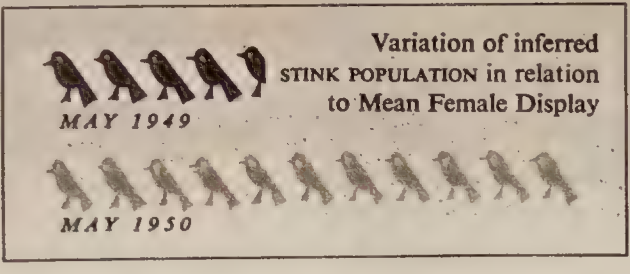
Schwepping Forest is of course the last remains of the natural forest which only five thousand years ago — yesterday afternoon in terms of geological schweppochs — surrounded the teeming suburbs of Cirenschwepster.

Every tree has its history. It was underneath this ancient acacia that the news was received for the forty-seventh time of the landing of the Danes by Ethelred the UnSchweppe.

The soil of Schwepping Forest is soil, lying above the sub-soil beneath which is the soil beneath the sub-soil. In geological section, it is seen that if you go fairly far down there are layers of rock — a layer on top with other layers beneath them.

Through glades once trodden by squires in the knightly dance, ornithologists like Professor James ("Beau") Fowler now wander, and he has recently recorded (annals *Zool: Stud: Vol.:* CCCCCCX) that account of the Little or Bulgarian Stink which shows these birds proved to have bred 53 in May 1950, 784 in May 1951. Does this point to a new Stink migration?

Written by Stephen Potter
Drawn by Lewitt-Him



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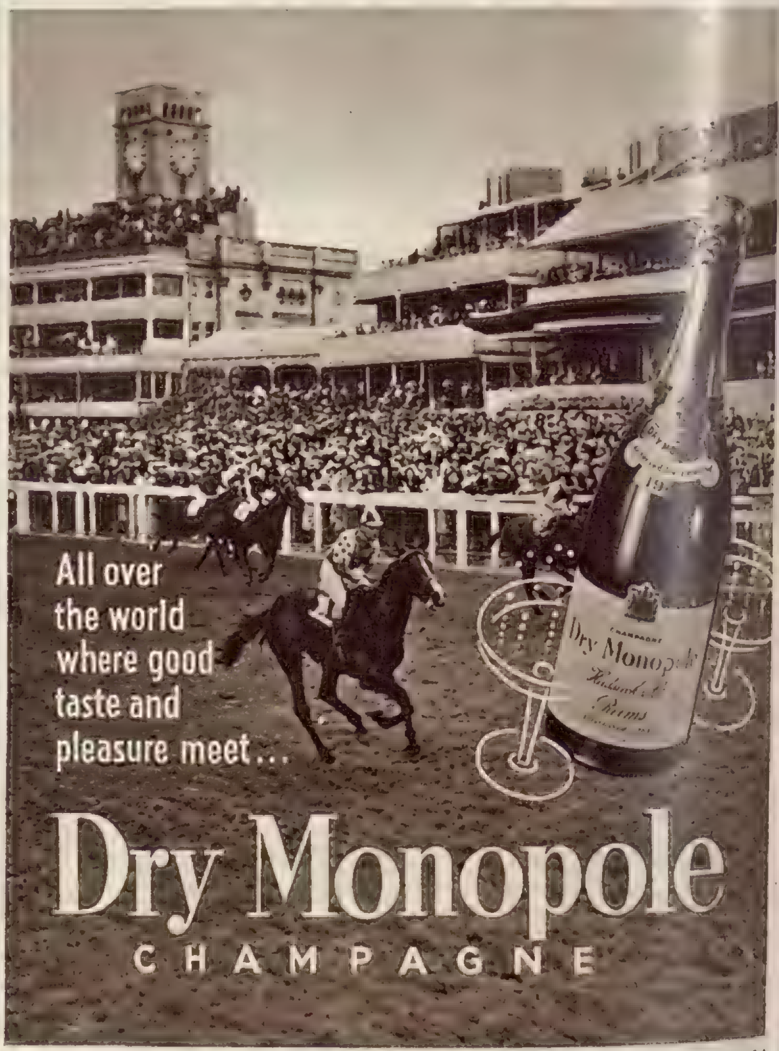

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To H.M. King George VI

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THE intending visitor to the West Country may well hesitate, bewildered, as he tries to decide what to leave out in his visit. Too many names, gleaming like gold on the magic loom of history, call across the centuries for homage. Too many noble cities and tiny hamlets, magnificent abbeys and humble churches, gentle views and harsh rockscapes, demand the right of pilgrimage. Too many fables and songs, of ghosties and ghoulies, of dwarfs and giants, of wreckers and pirates, of saints and sinners clamour for attention. You cannot enjoy all its riches; that much is certain—but modern road transport will bring the places you wish to visit closer together. How pleasant to live in an age that has this travel advantage. Even J. B. Dunlop, who invented the pneumatic tyre in 1888, could not have foreseen the immense development of road transport which makes travel so much more comfortable, so much more rewarding.

★ *This map is reproduced as the frontispiece of a descriptive folder of the West Country, which can be obtained free from the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept. (G 1) Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, 24*

The Mark VII

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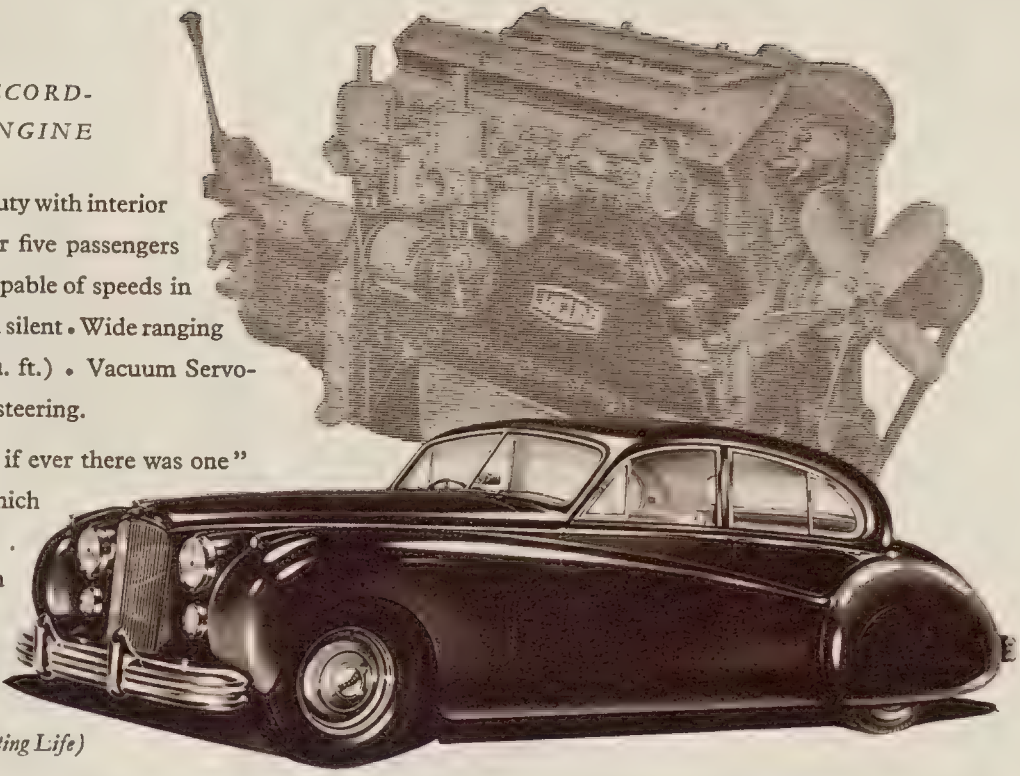

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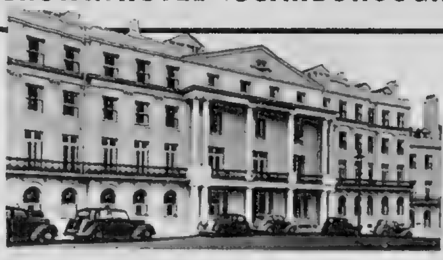

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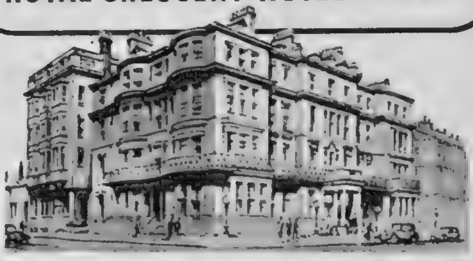

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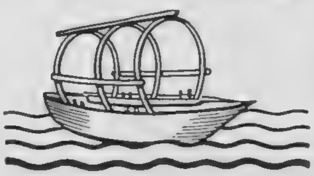

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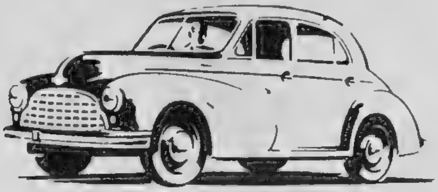

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April

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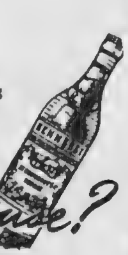

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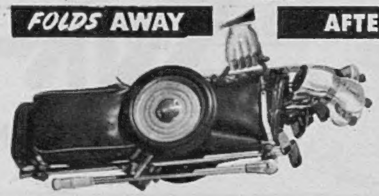

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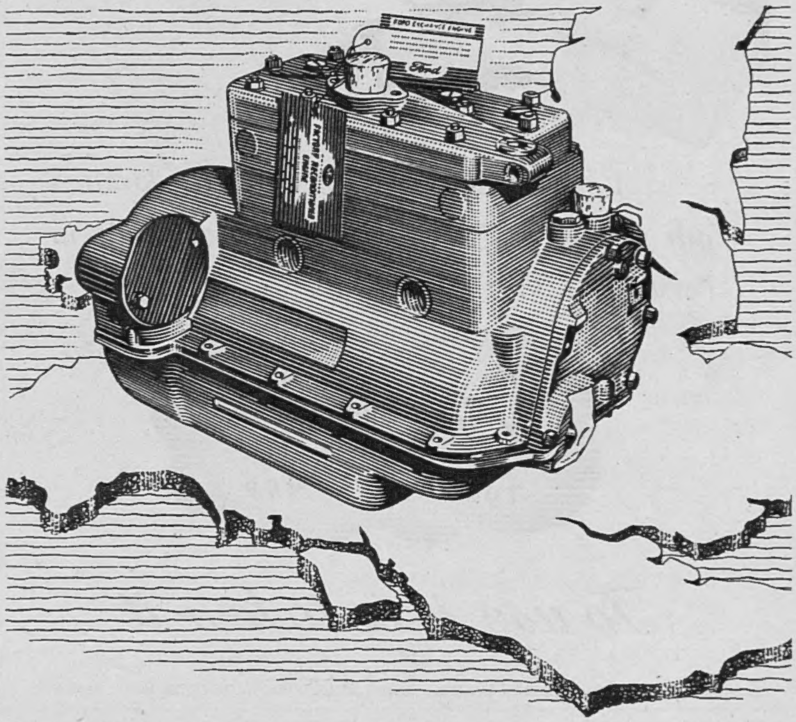

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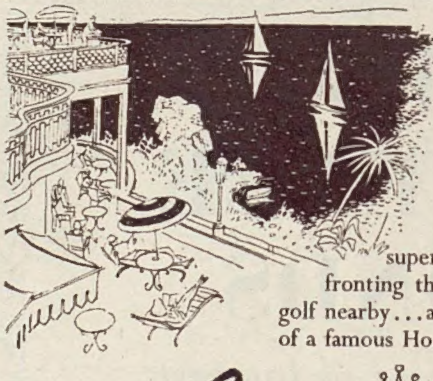

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